Liberty

5¢

NOV. 1 · 1941

LYING THROUGH HELL: THE SELF-TOLD STORY OF AN R.A.F. PILOT

DOES HOLLYWOOD NEED NEW LEADERSHIP?

"SPRUNG THE RALEIGH BET ON THE BOSS

and won a box of candy!"

THE BET: "I told him he could take Raleighs and any other brands...conceal the labels ...show me just the open ends of the packs...and I'd pick the Raleighs by color alone! Really, it was so easy I almost hated to collect! Well...almost."

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and win your bet!

You're sure to win, because the tobacco in Raleighs is more golden-colored. You can see it at a glance. That golden color is proof of quality...at the great tobacco sales, only golden leaves bring the top prices.

• • •

Golden color is the expert way to pick a milder, tastier smoke. So try a pack of Raleighs today. And be sure to save the coupon on the back for your choice of more than sixty luxury premiums!

Look! Raleighs are more golden!

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS • UNION MADE

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also with Kool Cigarettes and Big Ben Smoking Tobacco) good in U. S. for premiums. Write for new catalog today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN *"College Humor" every Tuesday night.. over the coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

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BRIDGE TABLE. The de luxe model, with top of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady....750 coupons.

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Her Smile is so Warm and Appealing . . . a Smile That Owes so Much to Her Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

Let yours be the Smile of Beauty! . . . Help keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage

Q. *Does the condition of the gums have any effect on the brightness of the teeth?*

A. Yes, indeed! Unless the gums are firm and strong, teeth tend to become dull and dingy! In fact, sparkling teeth *depend* largely on healthy gums! That is why so many dentists urge regular gum massage.

Q. *What happens if gums are neglected?*

A. Neglected gums are apt to lose healthy firmness, become tender. For today's soft foods do not give gums sufficient work and exercise. As a result, gums often flash that telltale sign of weakness . . . a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *What to do about "pink tooth brush"?*

A. The first thing to do is to see your dentist right away. "Pink tooth brush" may or may not mean serious trouble—but that's for your dentist to say. He'll probably say your "lazy" gums need extra work. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest that you make a daily habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Q. *Why is Ipana and massage so helpful?*

A. Because Ipana is an unique dentifrice that (1) cleans teeth to brilliant, natural lustre; (2) with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to become firmer and healthier. That's why you'll find Ipana Tooth Paste and massage so effective in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth —a lovelier, more attractive smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an English-born woman I want to tell you that your series If the Windsors Had Only Waited, by Frederick L. Collins (September 20 to October 11 Liberty), is entirely repellent to me. I am sure the people of England have long since realized that Edward was quite impossible as King.—*Mrs. V. Anderson.*

MACON, GA.—When all the truth is eventually revealed, I'm convinced we'll see in the Duke and Duchess of Windsor a much misunderstood, maligned couple. Edward VIII proves inherent as well as inherited royalty by mere silence.

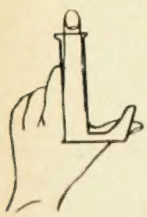
I, for one, have loved him with the fealty of a loyal subject since his birth. Always I shall—though now American.—*Katharine Dewson Gostin.*

DETROIT, MICH.—One simple truth can never be hidden—Edward Windsor did not "keep faith" with his people.—*Katherine Y. Boegehold.*

DENVER, COLO.—Edward VIII is the rightful King of England today, and would prove the best England ever had, were he on the throne. Were this allowed to be put to the vote of the English people, he would be reigning today. This I know from living over there till very recently and talking with the "man in the street."—*M. H. Colley.*

L—AND AMERICA—STAND FOR A NUMBER OF THINGS

Paul Sascha's suggested American greeting (September 13 Vox Pop)—forming an L for Liberty with the thumb and index finger—has elicited a great volume of commendatory letters. Some suggest variations of meaning which Mr. Sascha probably didn't have in mind. For example:



WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Paul Sascha gives the public a great idea. We Germans and Swedes of White Plains have used the L for months already, which again will always stand for us as Lindbergh, the champion of our cause.—*Hermann Nelsjon Schröder.*

WELL GEE WHIZ, MR. PROSECUTOR, THAT'S WHAT WE TRIED TO SAY

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—In Twenty Questions (September 20 Liberty) you ask which is correct: Arkansas or Arkansaw? You answer by stating that Arkansaw is correct.

I have enjoyed your questions and answers, but I think this one is unfair. The proper spelling of our state is Arkansas. The proper pronunciation is as if it were spelled Arkansaw.—*John P. Streepey, Assistant Attorney General, State of Arkansas.*

DEMOCRACY VS. TOTALITARIANISM

TYLER, TEX.—Liberty's editorials, including The Scandal and the Glory of Democracy (September 27), help its readers to hold all things in proportion and keep a proper perspective.

Whatever the propaganda experts of totalitarian governments may say about "corruption" in democracies, it can be agreed that nourishing food, with a little erroneous seasoning now and then, is still far better than going hungry!—*F. G. Swanson.*

RAVENNA, NEB.—As a Liberty reader of many years, I say in all sincerity I hope a million other readers will write to tell you of the beauty and magnificence, eloquence and truth of your September 27 editorial.—*Joe S. Clark.*

WE HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR HAT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am twelve years old and have been selling Liberty for two years.

In the past few months I have lost many customers, and they all agree that your so-called "inside stories" can go some place.

If this continues, I shall be forced to quit. I hope that in the future you will print more sensible items.—*Melvin Siegel.*

P.S.—If you print this I'll eat my hat!

"I can understand the war news perfectly until the experts analyze it, and then I get all mixed up."

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BEST KNOWN WORKS of ZOLA, 512 pages

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WOW! a completed pass -33 to 1!
33
33 TO 1... A BLUE RIBBON PLAY, FOLKS!
"33 TO 1"... I GET IT! THIS GIANTS BROADCAST IS SPONSORED BY PABST BLUE RIBBON... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER!
YES SIR, AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, BILL. I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH
JIM, YOUR TEAMWORK'S PERFECT! A SWELL GAME... AND A BEER BLENDED LIKE CHAMPAGNE. THIS IS THE LIFE!
...WELL THE HOME TEAM WON AND SO DID WE... "33 TO 1"!
How does Pabst do it? By blending 33 fine brews to make one single glass. As in the finest champagne, it's this extra skill and care that makes Pabst Blue Ribbon so delicious. Try a cool, foaming glass today—and score a new high in enjoyment with "33 to 1."
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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER
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Girl meets Girl

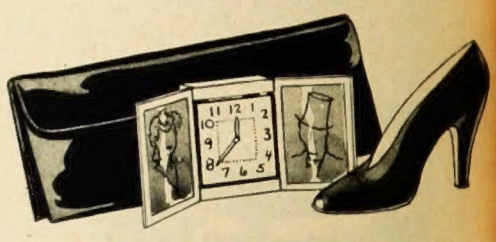
READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ REMEMBER the game we used to play when we were very young? It was called What Shall I Take in My Trunk?

Now, seated on a suitcase surveying my worldly goods, I am reminded of it—for day after tomorrow I am going to California. I'll only be gone three weeks, but you know how it is when you visit—you're "being gay" the whole time, and naturally you want to look your very best and exhibit some variety in apparel. . . . So, if you look over my shoulder at the list I'm brooding about, you shall see what I am going to take with me.

TRAVELTOCK: When you unstrap this parcel of pale beige leather you discover a clock of honest proportions—distinct gold numerals on a pure white face. The best of it is that at either side there is ample space for a photo of the familiar face you left behind you. Thus it helps make even the most impersonal hotel room home. For $5 it's yours, saddle stitching and all.

NYLON NOTE: That stuff is here again. . . . Yes, nylon. And not in stocking form, but converted into bag and shoes in a dull-surfaced suave black. Just the accessories to abet my little black dresses. The shoes are fashioned into proud pumps, with a closed heel but with an open toe, so that the pedicure can peep through.



The bag is a beloved envelope of stunning and severe simplicity. The prices: shoes, $10.95; bag, $7.50.

FLASHYLASHES: I wouldn't think of going to New Haven, much less Hollywood, without a Kurlash. It is one of those instruments into which you insert your eyelashes and they come out with a devastating curl. I always anoint my lashes with olive oil before applying Kurlash and, for big moments, mascara. Kurlash sells for $1.

FINGERTIP FOLLY: My best female friend nearly fainted at the sight of my fingernails coated with Peggy Sage's Wicked White. It isn't white at all but an unbelievably delicate pink. It's fetching, if frightening, for a change. Costs 60 cents a bottle.

FAN-FAN: My newest fan is shaped just like the lacy one grandma flirted with, but it is made of—*feathers!* Fun, for $3.95. I'll pack that, you can bet. Incidentally, for a wedding, wouldn't it be charming if the bridesmaids carried floral fans?

HANDHOLDING: If you are famed for your pretty hands and the length of your fingers, you are possibly questing something spectacular to show them off. How about a "handlet" of gold or silver? A handlet consists of two broad bands, one to slip over the pinkie and one for the index finger. These fasten, by mesh chains, to a center plaque—about the size of an overgrown nickel—upon which may be inscribed your name or phone number—or any message you may have for the world. The chains con-

Y BUBBLES SCHINASI

tinue up your hand and connect around your wrist. A talk provoker if there ever was one. $12.50.

IN THE BAG: I am infatuated with a miniature hand mirror of old gold with an elaborately embossed edge. Very Victorian—and what elegance to casually produce from your purse. Costs $7.50.

MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: String gold coins on bright yarns, to wear around your throat or your waist.

Have seven toothbrushes—each a different gay color—one for each day of the week.

Make a bow tie out of a tiny challis scarf, to wear with shirts.

Coat your face with cold cream when you sit under the dryer to keep your skin from drying.

Have a flannel bed jacket, cut like a baby's sacque, in baby pink or blue.

Buy several unbelievably narrow belts and wear them all at once on a plain dark dress.

Make a Buster Brown collar from name taping.

Be on the watch for Girl Meets Girl—in Hollywood. It's coming in an early issue.

MAKE A "DATE" WITH

Clear-Eyed Morning Freshness

Try It Yourself Tonight

IF the strain of these strenuous times is tiring you out—if you wake up listless or logy—feel fatigued long before night—here is important news.

Today, throughout the world, there is a *new idea* of what to do to meet special strain. A revolutionary, *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality to stand physical and nervous stress. You've undoubtedly read about it in recent newspapers and magazines—know that scientists, governments of warring nations, and our own authorities all endorse it—the idea that people need special food in addition to the normal diet *to be at their best.*

What To Do

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is designed to do two important things:

First: When taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep, in a safe, natural way, *without* drugs—relieving that feeling of "nervous tension."

Second: Ovaltine supplies a special combination of food factors designed to replenish vitality *while you sleep*—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells. It provides significant amounts of the rarer food elements everyone must have for vigorous health—in a food specially processed for easy digestion—protecting minerals, Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, all the essential amino acids, pyridoxine, pantothenic acid—elements now known to be deficient in many foods. Thus acts as an insurance against strength-sapping food deficiencies which affect more than one-third of all people today.

So by all means, try this "special food" idea modern science is urging. Turn to *new, improved* Ovaltine at night and in the morning, starting tonight.

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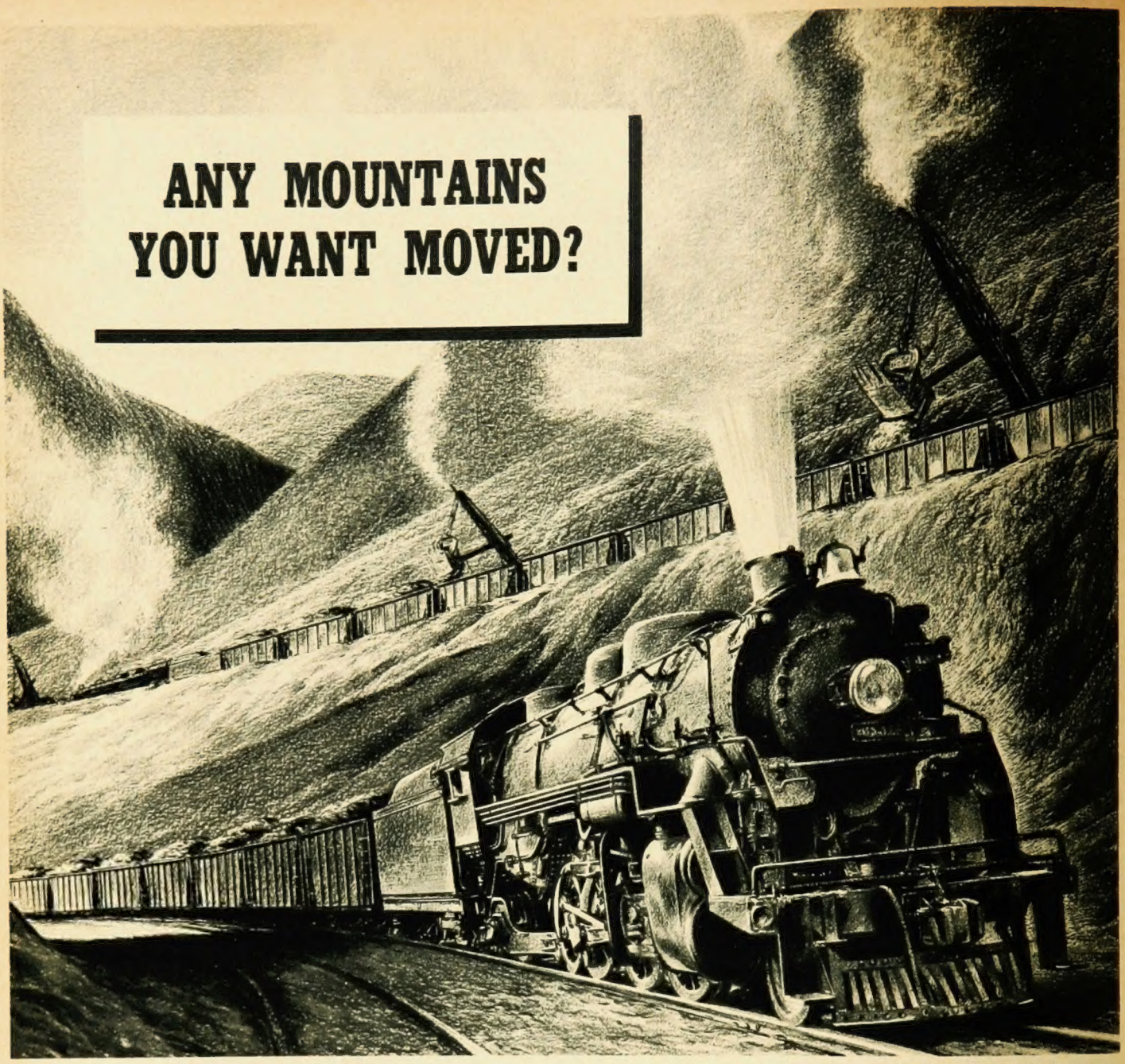
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

ANY MOUNTAINS YOU WANT MOVED?



IF it's a penny postcard you want to send to a friend in the next town, the railroad carries it.

If it's a mountain you want moved, the railroad moves it.

And for the past year, the railroads have had mountain piled on mountain and still have kept them all moving.

First, the defense program doubled and redoubled far beyond the government's own estimates.

Consumer buying, rising to a ten-year peak, meant a marked increase in traffic.

The demand for ships brought a vast shift of tonnage from water to rail.

The strike dislocated the movement of the vital coal traffic; thousands of coal cars stood idle for weeks and then had to do double duty to catch up.

All these the railroads are moving —without congestion or tie-ups.

Then, on top of it all, came a bumper crop of grain — and all of this for which storage can be found, the railroads are moving.

And the railroads are preparing to move still greater mountains. In the past two years they have put in service nearly 200,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942 — 150,000 more in 1943, if the materials it takes to build them can be obtained.

Railroad transportation is one problem this country hasn't needed to worry about in the present emergency. The railroads have been able to handle the job so well for two reasons —one is that they entered the emergency period at the highest state of efficiency in railroad history. The other is that they have had the cooperation of government departments and shippers in making the most effective use of all available equipment.

BIG TRAVEL BARGAIN—$90 coach fare, $135 Pullman ($45 extra for one or two passengers in a lower berth) for Grand Circle Tours of U. S. Ask your local ticket agent.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

NOVEMBER 1, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 44

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART--"

☆ FROM the Bureau of Census in Washington, D. C., comes an astonishing report.

Within two years the production of fiction stories in the United States dropped fifty per cent.

During the same period the sale of the Holy Bible increased by two million five hundred thousand copies.

Of course there is no fundamental conflict between truth as interpreted in story form and truth in expository teaching. Jesus told excellent stories called parables. But it is a fact that most fiction stories today are frivolous. The trend revealed by the Census Bureau reflects a hunger for nourishment of the human spirit; a revolt both from the illusion of sugary romance and from the disillusion of "realistic" skeptics; a flight back to pure truth.

Perhaps Hitler may have had much to do with this, as he has had to do with so much else in the world!

Hitler, scourge of Europe, threat to human dignity and freedom everywhere, is the ultimate triumph of that cult of sheer reason which for more than fifty years we have been calling materialism.

Hitler *is* materialism incarnate. If materialism is right, then Hitler must also be right. Materialism says nothing can be admitted to exist which is not proved by its own standards of scientific research. No materialist has ever seen a soul; *ergo,* there is no soul. A materialist can look the universe in the face and not see God. For him, then, there is no God. No sign has reached him from the dead, hence there is no life after death.

What then?

Then, the materialist is forced to argue, man has no moral responsibility, unless he invent for himself a system of ethical culture. And we now see that such a system cannot restrain the lawless from doing their worst. With no moral responsibility, man is free to attempt any deed which he thinks he can get away with. Might becomes right. The fittest survive over the graves of the weaklings they slew. Such is the law of the jungle, and such is the law of Hitler. We see that law carried by fire and sword from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, materialism in full cry, atheism at last with its prophet made flesh.

Upon the hideous spectacle mankind looks and knows it is wrong. With renewed faith it comes to us that it can't last because it won't work. While materialism runs its course like a plague over the world, the earth still turns in its mysterious revolutions, obedient to an established and perfect rhythm. And as the world moves, the white spires of uncounted village churches, in Germany as well as in England, in Rome as in Omaha, still rise like pointing fingers to the God of the universe, whose course runs through eternity.

Once it looked as if rationalism would empty the churches under those spires—as if the faithful would forsake the altars of mercy to bow before the golden calf. But the people have seen what comes of paying tribute to the idol in the market place. They watch with horror the march of the Philistines. No more than the materialist can they see God, but in blood and death they can feel His presence; in agony they find that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

So we are not reading so many frivolous novels and we are buying more Holy Bibles. We are turning back to the white spires.

Has Hitler brought this about?

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!

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Flying through Hell

He stepped out, gave the Heil Hitler salute.

At 500 m.p.h. the Heinkel's wings fell off! . . An R.A.F. pilot tells his story

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE — TROUBLE IS WHERE YOU LOOK FOR IT

☆ AT the outbreak of the war I was stationed with my squadron at Tangmere on the southeast coast of England, very much out of the line of battle. After two months of boresome stand-by duty, we were suddenly ordered up north to a place called Acklington. Our job there was protection of the convoys of ships going up or down the coast.

Again we spent nearly a month of wearisome inactivity. Finally, early in December, Caesar Hull and Karey, who were out on patrol duty, caught up with the first Heinkel for our squadron. It made for the clouds, but they were able to shoot it down. There was wild rejoicing, of course.

Two days later, while on patrol with Peter Townsend, my flight commander, I sighted a tiny speck about 18,000 feet above us. As we gradually caught up to it, we could see it was a Heinkel III, so we closed up. Peter was slightly ahead of me, and as soon as he was within range he fired two quick bursts, and the Heinkel's wheels came partly down. The Jerry immediately turned out toward the sea and dived very steeply. About his only chance to escape was by getting down to some clouds.

Peter pulled out to the side, and I went down after the Heinkel, trying to head it off. I wanted definitely to get a good shot at it as it was the first German I'd ever seen. I got up to a speed something like 540 miles an hour in the dive, and was gradually overtaking it, when suddenly, at 10,000 feet, both its wings fell off and it just slowly turned on its back and went straight into the sea.

Shortly after that we were moved to Wick Station, at the northern tip of Scotland, for defense of Scapa Flow. While there we were lucky enough to shoot down two German reconnaissance machines that had come to get information on shipping and the layout of our defense. One day, on our afternoon off, Caesar Hull and I had gone out walking. We suddenly heard the old siren, and ran to the airdrome, grabbed parachutes, got into our machines, and took off. We joined up with the aircraft we

could see out there. We didn't know who was who, but while we were on our way up—we'd got up five miles off Scapa Flow to the east—we spotted a Heinkel coming out at about 3,000 feet. There were seven Hurricanes and we pounced on that Heinkel like so many hounds.

Finally the Heinkel shot off a colored light, so we all stopped firing and started "formating" on it. Caesar flew up alongside the pilot's cockpit and gave the sign with his old thumb to go back to England. The pilot turned and started back, but his engines were badly shot up and he couldn't make it. He went into the sea about twenty miles off the coast.

A week or so went by without any action at all. Finally one day everything was set for what proved to be the big German raid on Scapa Flow. We had pretty good warning of the raid, as they had their beacon ship out, which always appeared on our bulletin board if a raid was on tap. Also they sent out the reconnaissance machine.

When the order came to take off, three quarters of us started to Scapa Flow, where we had to sit on the ground as a cover-up in case another raid came in while the first group was refueling.

It was just getting dusk and we were sitting on the airdrome, watching the fireworks display, with the antiaircraft guns firing and the tracer shells going up. Suddenly we saw an aircraft coming slowly across above us. Somebody shouted, "It's a Heinkel!" Immediately we all just took off from where we were. The Heinkel was quite badly damaged, so the pilot circled the airdrome and shot off a red light and the boy on our flare path (as it was getting dark we had a flare path out) gave him a green light, and he landed. His machine had been badly shot up by Hallows earlier, his rear gunner and his bottom gunner severely wounded, and he was just making a landfall.

Of course the man on the flare path was amazed at the sight of a Heinkel landing, so he rushed out, waving an unloaded revolver. The German pilot stepped out of the machine, gave the Heil Hitler salute, then shook hands with the man, who was dumfounded.

Soon after the big raid on Scapa Flow, the squadron was rather widely scattered. I was sent to a place near London to train for special reconnaissance work, to be sent to France as soon as I was trained. During training we lived near London.

One morning I woke up in London, and heard newsboys rushing around shouting that the Germans had marched into Holland and Belgium. I immediately got to the telephone and called the station to ask if they wanted me, and they said, "Of course we want you; we were looking for you all night." I had forgotten to put in the leave book where I was going that evening, and so I had to get back to my station immediately, and was sent to France within four hours.

Out in France, we were working from a little airdrome about forty-five kilometers northeast of Paris. We were going out solo in those specially built "recco" machines, right up to the Ruhr Valley, in some cases down to Frankfurt, and covering all Belgium and Holland and other parts that the Germans had pushed into. Among other jobs, we looked for bridges, to see if they had been destroyed, for if they hadn't we were to get pictures of them and bring them back so our own bombers could do that work.

We were on this job in France from May 11, the day we arrived, and kept at it until about a week before the actual evacuation of Dunkirk. At that time the Germans were known to have gotten through to Abbeville, and there were reports that they had gone right to the coast at Le Touquet. Our reconnaissance squadron didn't know this for certain, and it was up to us to find out exactly where they were. We drew lots and it was my luck, or bad luck, whichever you want to call it, to go on this job.

As the weather was fairly bad, it meant flying very low, and I had no guns on the machine to defend myself. I had to fly between 1,000 and 2,000 feet, examining the highways between Abbeville and Le Touquet. I spent about an hour up and down those roads looking for tanks and armored cars, without seeing one. Finally, while flying over a small village, I spotted four or five hundred troops in khaki in the middle of the square. This gave me quite a thrill. I thought, Well, at least this village is in our hands. As I turned south of the village, I looked back and saw a small German Heinkel 126 flying at about 500 feet. I immediately surmised that he was going to groundstrafe those troops, and although I had no guns on the "recco," it did look like a fighter, and I thought I'd go back and chase him away.

I turned and carried out a "dummy" attack on him, but instead of running away, as he should have, he turned around and we had quite a dogfight. During the course of this encounter we drifted to about five or six miles south of the village. That seemed to be enough, and I broke off the fight. It was then that I realized that while he was passing over the village, instead of running away, the troops just stood and watched us; so I flew back and went down through the village and through the square. I flew down below the houses at about forty or fifty feet quite slowly. As soon as these troops saw my R.A.F. markings, they ran away, and this action definitely proved to me that they were German troops in khaki.

I turned around and saw the little Heinkel, which raced off and landed about four miles from the village. I took photographs of the landing field and of the big château near by, and

(*Continued on page 48*)

George Patterson "Pat" Christie, twenty-three-year-old Canadian, left McGill University four years ago to join the R. A. F. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and recently received a bar to the Cross for "outstanding ability and leadership over a long period in air operations." In a plea for Canadian airmen, broadcast in June, Lord Beaverbrook said: "Send us fighter pilots, men after the manner of Flight Lieutenant Pat Christie of Montreal."

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT GEORGE PATTERSON CHRISTIE

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE DAGGER ON THE ALTAR

☆ A MOMENT earlier the second-floor window had been dark. Now lights flared in back of it, sending forth a crimson glow; and the short stocky man, coat collar turned up and hat tilted aggressively, pointed a derisive thumb.

"Now, don't tell me," he gibed with heavy humor, "you're interested in that sort o' joint?"

"Not so loud!" interrupted the other, who was tall, lean, curiously monkish in appearance. Through the open window drifted a thin reedy chanting. He listened tensely. "I'm going up now," he said. "You stay here, Mac."

"How long do you think it will take, Mr. Simpson?"

"Don't have any idea—an hour, perhaps."

"And suppose anybody else shows up . . .?"

"The same old signal," replied Harland Simpson; and he walked up the front steps of the drab little stone house, relic of former days amid the steel-and-concrete modernity of the Bronx.

Macdonnell watched him open the front door and vanish into brown gloom beyond. Then he sought the protective shadows of an areaway across the street—and flashed a shield as a passing policeman halted and asked suspicious questions.

"Take a look at this, sergeant," he invited.

"Badge!" the patrolman exclaimed, squinting vindictively. "H.L.7? What's that?"

"See the letters under it?"

"Huh? U. S. A. What the hell—"

"Federal man."

The patrolman gave an acidulous belch. "So you're one o' *them?*" he grunted disrespectfully, and turned to go. "I'll have to tell the lieutenant there's a federal man on my beat."

"So what? He knows it already," said Macdonnell.

"Yeah? Who told him?"

"I guess the commissioner did. For my chief told *him*."

"Your chief?" The policeman was impressed in spite of himself. "You don't mean J. Edgar Hoover?"

"No—and I don't mean Sitting Bull."

"Who was that went in that house over there?"

"My partner—you never heard of him—his name don't mean a thing. We're up from Washington.

The sergeant breathed resentfully.

"Just the same," he added, "I'm goin' to tell the lieutenant. You fellows may be government men—but me—I'm taking orders from my own boss—see?"

And he went on his way, swinging his hickory and glancing back occasionally at the squat brownstone building where in the meantime Harland Simpson, operative in H.L.7, had reached the second floor.

☆ THE thin reedy chanting continued; and Simpson, pressing one eye against the keyhole, found it unobstructed. He had a fairly clear view.

The crimson glow came from two tall sacerdotal candles on a teakwood altar, left and right of a gilt statue of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West. Before it a Chinese girl stood and kowtowed. Her face was in profile and he saw her, intensely young and very lovely with camellia skin, short softly curved nose, intensely red lips, dark hair—the sort of bluish black which looks as if cigarette smoke had been blown through it. It was not the first time he had looked at this girl. Nor was it the first time he had felt a quickening of the senses upon beholding her. Like a griffin—he thought with faint self-irony—a

Beginning

Blood of th

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

Time: the present. Place: New York. Why did the lovely China girl offer a prayer of hate to the lord of love?

greenhorn in China who for the first time sees and falls for a pretty Mongol girl. And that was—the bunk. For he was no griffin; was, on the contrary, an old China hand.

The girl's chanting grew in volume and throbbing ecstasy; and Simpson—whom duty had kept in the Orient for twelve dangerous years and who was familiar with a baker's dozen of Chinese dialects—Simpson, the expert, was puzzled. For, to the Chinese, the Buddha is the lord of peace and love; but this girl's prayer, though beginning with the orthodox ritual, soon changed to a bitter outpouring of hate, a most passionate plea for revenge.

Her forehead touched the floor. There was a quiver in her voice as she chanted:

"Thou art the Supreme Ruler, O
Gautama Buddha.
Of all virtues thou art the reason,
And thou the support . . ."

She rose. Through the keyhole Simpson watched as she lit a sweet-smelling *hunshuh* incense stick and laid it on the altar. The smoke swirled up, slowly, sluggishly, veiling the idol's placid features with gold and gossamer gray.

Her chanting continued:

"By day shineth the sun,
By night shineth the moon.
Shineth also the lover who loveth highly
and greatly.
But the Buddha at all times shineth
ever the same
In peace and love . . ."

Again she kowtowed. She was silent. Then her accents peaked shrilly:

"Yet tonight, O Buddha,
O jewel on the lotus,
I shall sacrifice to thee,
I, Li Su-Chang,
Not flowers and perfume and rice,
But the blood of the evil one whom
I hate . . . "

Simpson listened and frowned. Whom—he asked himself—did she

Dragon

He saw Li Su-Chang, with slow, deliberate movements, place a dagger on the altar.

hate, this lovely Li Su-Chang, so fervently?

He shook his head, wondering if his instant suspicion could be right.

He had come here—he reflected—to seek a certain thing. He was sure he had found it; yet not as he had hoped to uncover it, but blurred by another thing—a new mystery which he was unable to dovetail into the pattern as he had conceived it.

The evil one which Li Su-Chang hated!

Harland Simpson, one of America's shrewdest and most competent government operatives, believed more in common sense—the common sense of simple, direct approach—than in all the ultra-scientific modern criminology, although he used modern methods whenever he needed them. Yet it did seem risky to the case he was hoping to build up, even foolish, considering what he knew.

Why, only a few days before, in the Golden Peiping Cabaret that faced Sixth Avenue with the brag and glare of vermilion neon lights and where this girl, this Li Su-Chang, checked hats and wraps, a Chinese waiter had discovered a strange thing! This waiter was American-born. More, he was an investigator attached to Simpson's staff; and he had overheard the lovely Li Su-Chang exchanging mumbled words with a certain wealthy Oriental while she was helping him into his elegant mink-lined overcoat.

"Like the edge of soft dreams you are," he had whispered to her, "that come to a man in loneliness and strange places."

"I would like to believe it," she had replied. "And yet—oh—you seem a shrewd hand, a bold hand, an old hand at this business of making love."

That, of course, might have been merely flirtation—flirtation in the curiously polished Mongol way—although the waiter, from all he knew about her, thought she was not the sort given to light affairs. Yet, a second later, the girl and Nag Yat had swapped staccato words:

"Pi fung chin san ngo t'ai ha. . . ."

"Mo hai, san ch'u ming yat t'ai loi. . . ."

☆ THOSE words! Words not of lowly Cantonese and, by the same token, of New York's Chinatown, of waiters and cooks and laundrymen and check girls, but of stilted Mandarin courtesy. And the fact that Li Su-Chang was familiar with them—plucked them, as it seemed, out of the nowhere and handed them to Nag Yat, who replied in kind—could signify only one thing: that she and the other shared a background—and more than a background—in China.

There, Simpson reminded himself, he must be careful about listening to his hunches. He had never seen the girl until a few nights before; had never heard of her until the waiter's report had come in. Yet, so queerly, in spite of what the report said, he felt somehow attracted toward her on first sight. Some rebellious Irish sixth sense told him that she was a person of courage and some inscrutable mystery that held in leash a great passion—a person whom—yes—he could want to trust . . . and his keen brain agreed with his sensitive soul to suspend judgment. He was about to straighten up from his uncomfortable position and knock at the door—was going to take the risk—to ask her a direct question. . . .

Then he paused.

For, his eye still at the keyhole, he saw Li Su-Chang open a bureau drawer, take out a dagger and, with slow deliberate movements, place it on the altar.

A weapon of death on the altar of peace! As shatteringly incongruous as her passionate plea for revenge to the Buddha, the lord of love.

Incongruous, and—for she was so young, so lovely—tragic.

What else?

And the victim . . .?

The sight of that dagger on the altar gave Harland Simpson the creeps.

The creeps, because he was an old China hand and knew what the dagger meant. Harland Simpson had returned to the United States only a year before; for a dozen years before that he had roamed the China coast and penetrated often and far into the interior, as the chief naval intelligence officer of Uncle Sam's Asiatic Squadron. That was why he had had to learn to read Chinese, and to speak its principal dialects. Captain Harland Simpson, he had been then, U. S. N., with an apartment in one of Victor Sassoon's very modern apartment houses in the International Settlement of Shanghai.

It was there, too—and with the help of certain star performers in the native theaters—that Captain Harland Simpson learned a difficult and ancient art, invaluable to any intelligence operative or law-enforcement officer. Quaint as it seemed to some of his superiors, Simpson had learned the abandoned art of disguise—abandoned except by its Chinese masters. Today detectives and public alike have learned to laugh at disguise as a legend of the gaslight and Nick Carter era. But it was a tool of immense force and effectiveness in Harland Simpson's pliant hands. His methods were so old that they had been forgotten except by his Chinese instructors. These methods had to do with make-up, but that was the least of it—he learned characterization and imitation in the pose and carriage of the hands—accent, volume, and tone of voice—an intricate pattern of which the sum and synthesis was an inner grace of impersonation which made the whole a mystery and a success.

At the height of his work the war came, and the Japanese thundered into Shanghai. Suddenly, very suddenly, Captain Harland Simpson was recalled to Washington, D. C. On the day he reached there, H.L.7 had come into official but secret operation. And what was H.L.7? It was a new government intelligence service, a pooling of certain assigned agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation,

the Department of Justice, Secret Service agents of the Treasury Department, post-office inspectors, and intelligence agents of the army and navy, all working under one chief, a new man, a man of no public reputation, a secret executive, whose name no one has ever been able to guess, and that assuredly will not be found printed here.

Simpson, naturally, was assigned to Far Eastern counterespionage in the United States, and when one day, only a few weeks before, he had learned that a rich Oriental called Nag Yat, well educated and suave, was in America with a correctly visaed passport, Simpson became suspicious. He could find no background for the man. His stool pigeons were put to work but with few results. All they knew was that Nag Yat spent a lot of his time in the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

That, Simpson had decided, was where he should start.

☆ EVERY night, until dawn, the Golden Peiping Cabaret glittered in the raucous heart of Gotham's bright-light district where swing music brayed today what jazz had stammered yesterday; where money was less object than subject; where headwaiters bustled about, putting "Reserved" cards on tables not reserved, making it difficult and expensive, therefore worth while, for the customers to find a corner where they might sit and drink synthetic champagne and watch a synthetic floor show for prices still more synthetic.

In the case of the Golden Peiping Cabaret, the most synthetic part was the nationality of the people to whom the place belonged.

The incorporators, indeed, were Chinese. Not good American Chinese, from Pell Street or Mott, but wealthy Peiping merchants—hence the name of the cabaret—men who had given out that they preferred to remove some of their capital from their war-torn land and invest it in the United States. Then why—and it was this which next attracted the fervent interest of Harland Simpson—was the chief—why, though the Mongols were an eminently practical folk who did not believe in throwing good money after bad, was

the night club being kept open month after month in spite of the rapidly mounting deficit?

And why—here were details discovered in the most roundabout fashion, with several other government departments lending Simpson their aid and coded cablegrams zooming east and west—were the losses of the original Peiping incorporators paid by a firm called the Sociedad Agricola, a large Mexican agricultural concern controlling vast farms in Chihuahua and Yucatan? Why were the debts of this firm assumed by a guild of silk merchants located in Shanghai? Why, in its turn, was the guild reimbursed by a German bank that did business in Russian Vladivostok? And why, after several more intricate financial transfers, was the final settlement made by a check drawn on a Yokohama syndicate?

A spy ring was too obvious an explanation. Also, what was there to spy on Sixth Avenue?

So Simpson's investigation continued.

It continued underground, step by careful step, in a slow, painstaking, unromantic way, leaving nothing to chance, a way for which his department will some day become famous when more of its work is known. Nor would it consider over a million in cash or brave lives snuffed out if need be too high a price for the detection of a few words, sign and countersign, in purring Chinese which would unlock the door to a room hidden away on top of the night club where, Simpson soon learned, a number of men foregathered at odd intervals—men often seeming to be strangers to one another except for this same sign and countersign; men of several races whose social status varied enormously; men who were patriots, idealists in their way, though the method by which they proposed to attain their ideal, and which they were preparing with ruthless, icy efficiency, was the most felonious since Judas Iscariot sold his Master for a handful of silver. What were they up to? Simpson had no idea as yet. But he felt sure it would prove fantastic.

The unknown chief of the H.L.7, conferring with Harland Simpson in the privacy of his studio, refused at first to believe that a vast conspiracy of any kind was afoot.

"My friend," he said to Simpson, "you are implicating certain friendly countries."

"Are they so very friendly, sir?"

"Well—speaking off the record—as friendly to us as we are to them."

"Which telleth a tale."

"But not the tale *you* are telling." Simpson smiled.

"Incidentally," he remarked, "I'm not accusing the—ah—friendly nations themselves, but individuals."

"Even so—it's incredible. . . ."

"So was Attila the Hun incredible. And Torquemada and a dozen others—scourges of mankind who changed the course of history, because the world would not believe until too late how wicked they were. The trouble with them was that, like all fanatics, they were utterly sincere, therefore doubly dangerous. For you cannot bribe fanaticism. Nor can you argue with it."

"Still—in this matter—what, precisely, have you to go by?"

"Only that these men are meeting behind closed doors." Simpson enumerated the names. "They cannot be doubted."

"But couldn't these facts be interpreted—perhaps—differently?"

"There's only one interpretation and I have given it to you."

"And I'm loath to accept it. Look here! What about some kind of showdown?"

"Such as . . . ?"

"Arrest what's-his-name—Nag Yat. Far be it from me to suggest third-degree methods"—the great man coughed—"at least officially."

"Can't arrest him, sir."

"Why not? Since he's a Chinese and here illegally."

"I *think* he is. I'm sure of it—in my own mind. But he claims to be a Korean, therefore a Japanese subject and he has a Japanese passport, properly stamped by our consul general in Yokohama." Simpson produced a photostat and handed it over.

"I see." The other examined the document. "Traveling on business."

"Business!" Simpson echoed bitterly. "That's what they all say! Oh, yes"—with irony—"a prominent business man, most highly endorsed."

"So," with a little laugh, "was Al Capone a prominent business man—eh, Simpson?—before Uncle Sam caught up with him."

"It took quite a while."

"The fortunate—or unfortunate—way of a democracy. Slow but mighty sure. Still, it was done—*and* proved. And I refuse to believe you, unless you, too, bring proof."

"Sir," announced Harland Simpson after a while, "there are two ways of bringing proof. One is the way employed in the Al Capone affair. Income tax. Not applicable against Nag Yat. And the second way . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'm taking a leaf from the French. Search for the woman!"

"And I'd been led to believe that you pride yourself on matter-of-fact, dry-as-dust prosiness."

"I do. But I knew men like Nag Yat in China—aging roués. Year by year their passions sought younger and younger women. . . . Do you see, sir?"

The chief got up to show that the conference was over; shook hands with the other.

"Good hunting, my friend," he said, "for the woman in the case!"

☆ THE woman in the case—Simpson remembered the phrase now, on the landing outside Li Su-Chang's little flat. Was this young Chinese girl going to turn out to be the woman in the case?

What had been the true cause of her prayer of hate, her passionate plea for revenge? The dagger placed on the altar? And, too, there was his own hunch that she was a person of courage and integrity and decency, whom he could trust. . . .

He made up his mind. Very well! He rapped at the door! It was flung open, and instantly—to his overwhelming astonishment—he saw a flash of steel—felt it rip through his sleeve.

The girl saw him, then gasped and fell back, her face gray with fear.

A second later he crossed the threshold, shut the door behind him.

"That suit," he remarked, "cost me sixty dollars—plus the New York City sales tax."

Li Su-Chang had backed up against the altar, the candle glow throwing a vivid light across her features.

"Wh-who"—she stammered—"who are you? What—what do you want?"

"I'm not the man you expected—the man you tried to kill," he replied, with a glance at her packed suitcase near the door. "That's my answer to your first question. And as to my answer to your second—I'll let it ride—until I've asked *you* something."

"No—please—how badly are you hurt?"

In silence he removed his coat and turned back his shirt sleeve. With little moans, the girl brought hot water and ripped a sheet into pieces.

There was a silence while she bandaged his slight but bloody wound. Then he sat back, and he stared at her and she stared at him. Stared—and took stock of each other, and were conscious, at the same moment, of that sudden undercurrent of sympathy which now and then will run between two strangers.

It was a phenomenon mysterious and difficult to explain—a swift and utterly unreasonable emotional reaction for both of them—a rather tragic reaction, as it turned out—yet it was as tangible as a rock, a tree.

Later on, in the months to come, months destined to draw them close in danger and despair and triumph—and often it was hard to decide where despair ended and triumph began—later on they were to remember this feeling when first they met. Simpson was to think of it often—and too often.

"A sort of jolt," was how Harland Simpson expressed it, "a psychic jolt, if you know what I mean—the way I took a shine to that girl, as if we had known each other a lifetime or two."

(*Continued on page 43*)

"Feeling all right again?" Carol asked carelessly.

ILLUSTRATOR
NORMAN ROBARD

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ SHE bought the ball the day she went to the doctor's. She sat in his office and answered questions mechanically, hardly aware that she was speaking. The doctor's assistant pricked her ear and a drop of blood spread upon a bit of blotting paper. She was faintly surprised to see the red on the paper; she would have said that she was all white inside. Yes, she said, she had fainted that morning, quite unexpectedly. No, she was not accustomed to fainting. The doctor's bald head glistened under a sharp electric light in the wintry gray of the office. His eyes made sharp blue pin points of light, but by some effort of will she kept her face, her whole body, uncommunicative, blank, telling no story. Only, she thought, perhaps that was useless; perhaps nothing could be hidden from all these instruments, these drops of red, this magic finger graphing the very beats of your heart.

"I suppose for breakfast you have a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee and a cigarette," the doctor said dryly.

"Except for the cigarette, that's about it," she said.

"You don't smoke?"

"No."

He glanced at her fingers.

"I'll make out a diet list for you. You'll have to put on ten or fifteen pounds, Mrs. Dietrich—and soon." He turned and began himself to type out a list for her. He used two fingers. He put the list in her hand and she looked down and saw: Breakfast: *Orange juice, toast (one slice), two*

The Crystal Ball

It called to her. She wasn't going mystical, she said. Then something happened in her heart

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE

squares butter, marmalade, cereal with cream, one egg (poached or boiled), two slices bacon, coffee with cream. She felt a faint nausea.

"One would have to work up to this," she murmured.

"Perhaps at first it might have to be cereal or egg," he said, "but I mean that you must go at it at once. You're in a seriously run-down condition, Mrs. Dietrich. I'd hate to have you get flu or anything of that sort right now. . . . I'm going to give you a vitamin shot. The shots are quicker than capsules. Come on Thursday for another, please."

The quick dab with cotton, the sharp thrust of the needle. She rose and said a vague good-by, shoving the diet list into her bag, went out into the street.

She scarcely knew why she had come to the doctor at all, for she had no intention of going back, of eating that repellent breakfast. But Carl had been frightened when she'd fainted and had insisted that she promise to see the doctor. It had been easier to go than not. She was very familiar with what fainting meant, though she had never quite gone completely out before. But the sinking away, the almost going, had happened to her a hundred times.

She walked down the wintry street. Shops spread their enticing wares in windows, but she was not interested. Her own mink coat was as lustrous, as extravagantly beautiful as the one in Grayson's window. The silver tea set in Thwaite's was no more lovely than her own at home. She turned abruptly from the wide avenue into a side street, finding luxury disquieting and distasteful. This was a street of shabby second-rate businesses, of secondhand bookstores, of pawnshops.

It was in the window of a pawnshop that she saw the crystal ball. It stood in the midst of a great conglomeration of objects; but these surrounding articles, sad precious tokens of the surrender of pride, she did not see at all. She saw the ball, and stood still on the snowy pavement and looked at it with desire. It was so long since she had desired anything that the sensation almost frightened her. She was not one for knickknacks, nor had she any interest in superstition, in the occult. But the crystal ball immediately called to her, made a profound effect upon her. Perhaps because it was such a perfect shining whole and she was so disintegrated.

She walked into the shop, and a wizened, humpbacked little man came out of the dim clutter of the rear and folded his hands before her.

"The crystal ball in the window—how much is it?" she asked in her somewhat arrogant but lovely voice.

"Ten dollars," the little man said hopefully yet not demandingly.

She opened her bag, took out a bill. "I'll take it," she said.

The little man was shocked. She had cheated him out of bargaining and he mumbled all the way to the window. He thought her a fool, but himself no less a one. He wrapped the ball morosely, took her bill, went back to his shadows in the rear of the store.

The ball was heavier than she had expected it to be. She could not put it in her bag, so had to carry it in her hands. She felt a curious need for haste and, though she had intended to walk, she called a taxi.

She came into her shining empty house. A bowl of lilies stood on a round table, and the flowers were repeated, in a stylized manner, along with roses and some odd heatherish spray, in the curtains. A fire burned on the hearth. But she walked through the room and up the curving stairs, down the hall to her room. There was nowhere any sound, not even of service. Taking off her hat, a small fur hat pointed high in front, which she threw on the bed with her gloves, she sat down on the stool in front of her dressing table with its soft green taffeta flounce, unwrapped her treasure, set it up on its little ebony three-legged standard.

Beyond the ball stood an array of toilet articles, a silver-and-enamel mirror, a row of delicate and curious perfume bottles. But these familiar fripperies she did not see—only the ball, unadorned, simple, clear, with depths upon depths of light within its sphere. She put her two hands, fine but too thin and colorless and cold, about the ball, then let them fall, palms upward, on the table. She was excited and yet ashamed of her excitement. She despised people who hob-

nobbed with astrologers or spiritualists or soothsayers. The self was its own future. She still believed this, despite the fact that she felt her own future to be nothing. Nevertheless, her eyes could not leave the small clear world of the ball. In the mirror opposite her own self, she sat, eyes downcast, a thin extraordinarily beautiful woman whose red mouth was as emotionless as death.

Then, not expecting to see anything at all other than light itself, she saw darkness gather in the ball. She looked up with wide eyes for the storm which must have gathered across the wintry sun, but the sun still shone. With that sensation of dropping away from the earth itself, from life itself, with which she was so familiar, she let her eyes come back to the crystal, and there the darkness was growing, spreading, like wings. The darkness was wings, the wings of a great bat. She saw it with the greatest clarity, even to the points on the wings, the sharp evil rodent's face. It filled the ball, grew and grew till it filled the room and she could feel the spread of the wings over her, feel a kind of smothering darkness. She tried to rise, to push the ball from her, and suddenly it was only a ball again, crystal clear, with the sunlight making it gleam and sparkle on the dressing table and in the mirror behind it. She was trembling and there was moisture in the palms of her hands.

☆ THE door downstairs opened, closed. Carol's clipped tones speaking to Eduard, their man, came up the stairs. Mrs. Dietrich tried again to rise, but she still sat there when Carol came into the room. Carol was as striking as her mother, but in a quite different fashion. Her blonde hair was combed back in smooth rolls from her young, controlled face. Her eyes were gray, but cold.

"Feeling all right again?" she asked carelessly, reading a letter in her hands as she spoke, as if not quite all her attention went into her words.

"Quite all right," her mother answered.

"What did the doctor say?"

"Oh, nothing. A tonic. Nothing much."

"What's that?"

Carol moved over to the dressing table, picked up the ball.

"Oh, just a knickknack."

"Not going mystical, are you?"

"Hardly!" Her voice was crisp, faintly amused. She dismissed the ball, stood up, slid out of her coat. But Carol stood still a moment, holding the crystal, looking down at it, frowning. For an instant a breath of the old agony for Carol went through Mrs. Dietrich's body, then it passed. It was no use—and she knew it now, knew it with her whole self—to agonize over Carol. Carol was set; she would never change. She had accepted Miss Spence's; she had accepted being a debutante; she had accepted war relief because it was the smart thing to be doing; she had accepted life in this house. There was nothing she could do for Carol any more; there never had been anything. Carol had even accepted unfaithfulness as a necessary product of the times in which she lived. She accepted the unfaithfulness of her own father and smiled at it with indulgence. She didn't believe in anything—not God, not loyalty, not love.

Then Carol held the ball up to the window, her arms and body making a line of singular grace as she did so, looked at the ball against the light, and said: "Nothing in it. But it would be fun if there were, wouldn't it?"

"Fun?"

"'M. Fun to see the world crash."

"Do you think it's going to crash?"

"Naturally." Her voice was flippant as always, and before her mother could speak she went on: "Give me this for my birthday?"

"No. No, I bought it for myself."

Carol raised surprised thin brows at her. "Why, you selfish thing!" she said lightly, not too reproachfully, and yet really surprised. She had had so little denied her.

"I have a fancy for it," Anna Dietrich answered stubbornly.

Carol laughed and put the ball down on the standard. "Well, off to Mandy's for a horrible lunch," she said.

"I could give you a good one here."

Carol only laughed again and went out of the room. But at the door she looked back, looked all around strangely as if looking for something. Then her feet on the stairs, the bang of the front door, the rush of a car.

Anna Dietrich was alone again. She had guests coming, but she seemed unable to dress for them. She stood by the hearth, willing herself not to be frightened, willing herself not to look toward the crystal. But presently, as if her will were nothing, she walked over and sat down again before it. Almost at once she saw the darkness coming. With a sharp sound, she put her hands over the ball to shut it away. The ball felt warm to her, not cool, not like glass at all. She drew her hands away quickly, got up, hurried into her dressing room and began to make herself ready.

The phone rang. It was Carl.

☆ "WHAT did the doctor say?" Carl asked.

She reassured him mechanically.

"You gave me a scare," he said.

"Think nothing of it. . . . Good-by, Carl."

He had always been like that, Carl, concerned over things that didn't matter at all, blind to all the things that mattered like life itself.

She sat at the table and talked of books and plays and the war, feeling far away from all these subjects. She felt drawn away from all these women, this table, this meaningless conversation, and could scarcely smile through the hour and say the proper things. And then Laura Sloane said, walking from the dining room toward the fire, cigarette holder making a long green slash of color against her black dress: "How about running in with us to look at the Modern Art things, Anna?" and she said: "Sorry, I have another engagement." Laura gave her a curious glance and said: "You sound as if it were exciting." "It is," she answered. "About time!" Laura said dryly. "And don't deny it's a man, Anna. It sticks out all over you." She smoked restlessly and went on: "We're all friends. Whether we like it or not, the old order has changed. And life is short and may be shorter than we think. We're fools if we don't get all the warmth we can. Look at the four of us—none of us has made such a smashing success of marriage. In fact, I don't happen to know any one who has, do you?"

Fanny Thurber gave her disquieting smile. "Somehow," she said, "I never thought Anna would admit it, though."

It was a more intimate moment than Anna ever remembered to have had with these women, who were as good friends as she had.

☆ "I HAVEN'T admitted it yet," Anna said.

"Yes, you have," Laura protested. "You have, Anna. And I'm glad you have. What's the use of pretending? What's the *use?* Why can't we be honest about it among ourselves?"

"It is funny," Fanny conceded, "how secret we women are over our gnawing little disappointments. Secret as the grave. And so our daughters go on—nature goes on—and hope goes on. It is funny."

Suddenly Anna thought: It is the ebony base. It would make points like wings. Yes, that is it. How foolish of me!

"Well, we'd better run along, girls—Anna wants us to," Laura said, though without much maliciousness. "Who is it, Anna? Any one we know? George?"

Anna lifted her dark eyes, looked at Laura directly, and said: "No, no one you know."

They were gone. Anna went to her room at once, though when she reached it she sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to her mother. She wrote her mother regularly every week, rather gay uniformative letters. Once a year she went to see her or had her come to her, though her mother was too old for much traveling now. In the midst of her letter her fingers paused. Her mother, one white hand holding her reading glass, seemed to sit beside her, her fine proud old face haughty and inscrutable and yet wise. . . . What did she know about her mother, really? . . . *Nature goes on—hope goes on.* . . . She went on writing, about books, about plays, about war.

She slid the sheets into an envelope, addressed and sealed the envelope, stamped it. Then she walked quickly and directly over to the table, sat down, lifted the ball from the stand and looked steadily into it. The wings spread with incredible swiftness; the small evil face looked out from the cavern of the wings; the soft, smothery embrace of the wings covered Anna Dietrich.

"I know you," she said aloud. "I know you." Her voice was harsh, unlike her. "You're the only warmth I'll ever know now." Still, she put the ball down with a gesture almost of repulsion.

At five Carl, her husband, came. There was a faint murmur as the man took his hat and coat. There was the sound of a glass on a tray. She came down the stairs.

"Oh, there you are, Anna. All right?"

"Yes."

"What'd the doctor say, really?"

"Oh, he took the usual tests and told me to eat more and gave me a shot of vitamins. He thought I smoked too much and didn't believe me when I said I didn't smoke at all. He wasn't excited about my case."

"You've been running around too much."

"Well, I'll take it easy for a while."

"Where's Carol? Or I suppose that's a useless question."

"I haven't any idea. She hasn't been back since lunch. Why?"

"I thought I saw her downtown with a very strange chap. Looked like a tramp, really. But it must have been some one else."

"I'm sure it was. Carol doesn't go in for tramps."

"You sound as if you wished that she did."

He was really a fine-looking man, Carl, a little tired, like most successful men of his kind, a little hard, a little bored.

She did not answer; she did not know what to say. And presently Carl began to move restlessly around the room and finally said: "Well, as long as you're feeling better, I'm afraid I have to go back to town."

"You work too hard," she murmured. She could see his jaw tighten.

"Bread and butter seems to still be necessary," he said. "Cake too," he added with grimness.

☆ SHE saw that he wanted to get away, that he had to get away. She let him go. She made no protest whatever; she made it easy for him. But she knew that was no virtue on her part. The bitter fact was that now she didn't mind his going, that the agony had gone out of her, and that all that was left was a desire to be alone, to be quiet, to sink off the deep end of awareness into nothingness. But a faint shadow of her old self said that this was the ultimate defeat for one who had once made a god of awareness.

She was alone. Carol had phoned and said she wouldn't be back for dinner. She ate meagerly, hardly at all, but lingering over coffee as if she did not want to leave the dining room, the paneled walls, the bright silver, the warm coffee. She had tickets for a concert, but she made no effort to find some one to go with her, though there were several women she might have asked and even one or two men. The maid came in and then turned away.

"It's all right, Mary. I've finished. . . . Mary, are you happily married?"

Mary was startled; a deep flush spread up the round face above the uniform. Anna Dietrich had always been considerate but she had not in a long time asked such an intimate question as this.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Dietrich. By and large, I guess you could say I was."

"What do you mean—by and large?"

She knew she was only delaying the moment of going upstairs.

"Well, take it all in all, I mean. We have our ups and downs, same as any one. But I wouldn't want to be single, I guess."

"Why not?"

Mary flushed again. She was not very articulate. She answered slowly:

"He's workin' off that nickel he owes me. Mom won't believe I had a bath if there isn't a ring in the tub."

"Well, I don't know as I could say, Mrs. Dietrich. It just seems more natural."

"Yes, I suppose it is more natural."

She took two magazines and went upstairs; but she knew she was not going to read. She undressed, however, as if she believed she were, got into bed. All the time, without touching it, without going near it, she was aware of the ball winking away in the mirror. She held a magazine in her hands, seeing no words.

I have a rendezvous with death . . . the words suddenly were said in the room. She put the magazine down. *"No! No!"* she whispered.

She got out of bed, dressed herself again, very carefully, making up her mouth with a live red, put on a fur wrap, and went downstairs, called for the car. She went to the concert, which was Stravinsky and beat at her nerves without mercy. She smiled at several people she knew; she moved with grace and arrogance down the aisle. The notes of music jangled all through her, but she was grateful for their discord in her blood.

"Hello, Anna. Where's Carl?"

"Oh, hello, George. Carl couldn't come."

"Can I give you a lift home?"

"Would you?"

When they came to the house, she said: "Want to come in?"

"I'd like to."

She brought him something to drink and they sat talking.

"Perfect room," he observed, looking about him. "Hardly human, it's so perfect."

"No," she agreed, "it's hardly human."

He looked at her quickly. "You feeling low, Anna?"

"I? No, I feel all right."

"You don't seem your usual caustic self." He gave an embarrassed clearing of his throat and said: "Not worrying about old Carl, are you? Mustn't let the tabbies get you down."

"I'm not worrying about anything. . . . George, do you want to do something for me?"

"Anything," he said with sudden sincerity. "What is it?"

☆ "WAIT a minute." Her gold velvet skirts whispered up the stairs, down the stairs. She went over to George, held the ball toward him. He gave her an amused, reproachful look.

"What's this? A séance?"

"No, no. George, would you call me a neurotic?"

"Not up to this point, I never have. Do I begin?" He leaned forward a little, holding the ball in two hands, looking down at it seriously.

She stood by the mantel, one arm along its edge as if she needed something to cling to. She said: "Look at it. Look at it as long as you like. Do you—do you see anything in it?"

"Anna!" he murmured, as if she had taken leave of her senses.

"Well, do you?"

"I see the room, some of it. I see the clock and the stairs. What are you trying to do, Anna?"

"That's all you see?"

"All."

She waited a moment in silence while he sat, a big skeptical hard-headed business man, and looked down at the small object in his hands in a comical embarrassment. Then she took it from him, stood it on the mantel.

"Somebody been trying to sell you a slice of the supernatural, Anna?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm a little tired," she said.

"You must be, to fall for that hokum."

"I haven't fallen for anything. It's just—oh, well, skip it!"

He left soon; but before he went he walked up to the mantel and stared with some humor at the crystal ball, shaking his head as if he couldn't believe this of Anna Dietrich. Then he picked it up with a rather quick movement, and looked at it intently, frowning a little and flushing.

"What is it?" she asked with insistent quiet.

He put it back, laughed, said: "I'm ashamed of you, Anna. Well, I'll run along. Thanks for asking me in. . . . And hang on to your common sense, gal!"

(*Continued on page 55*)

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Does Hollywood Nee

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

☆ MR. WILLIAM SAROYAN, America's ascendant playwright, has been casting an observant eye on what is left of Hollywood.

"The amusing thing about moving pictures," he opines, "is the enormous number of nonentities who work together to make something any normal half-wit would prefer not to make in the first place."

Which, I submit, is a funny crack.

The more you know about Hollywood, the funnier it is!

But the really hilarious aspect of the situation it describes is not that it takes so many to do a footling job so footlingly, but that those who do it go on year after year getting paid from $5,000 to $15,000 a week for doing it that way.

I don't mean the actors. Some of them get too much money too; but not for long. Once a movie star begins to slip at the box office, his option is not picked up, his contract is not renewed. He comes to a full stop.

But the movie producer goes on forever.

And what does a movie producer do?

Well, he doesn't seem to be doing anything. About making pictures, I mean. He plays polo, also pinochle; he races horses, also yachts; he throws parties, also bull. But he doesn't act, write, or direct pictures. He doesn't know how to do any of these things.

He's just Mr. Big.

But he must do something in return for his $5,000 to $15,000 a week!

He does. Mr. Big thinks up the socko ideas.

One day he may be toying with the notion of reviving Little Miss Marker with Dame May Whitty in the Shirley Temple role. Next day he will call in his relatives and have an inspiration right before their eyes: this time it's Mickey Rooney in The House of Rothschild.

And if there doesn't happen to be at least one relative around who has almost as much money as he has and so dares forcibly to restrain him, he'll do it, by gum!

An unfair picture, you say? Of course it is unfair to *some* movie producers and to the pictures they produce. Not every Hollywood Mr. Big is a nonentity, and not every Hollywood picture is the product of a subnormal mind. But it is a strictly accurate picture of that large group of cinema bigwigs described by the Hollywood Reporter as persons "who have nothing to offer pictures, but who feel the business owes them a job."

So basic is this condition, and so patent are the evils which stem from it, that ill timed and ill aimed so-called investigations like the present one being conducted by the senatorial witch hunters seem childishly beside the point. The political convictions of individuals in an industry are nobody's business but their own, as are their religious convictions. Attacks based on such considerations have no place in a free nation.

If there must be congressional investigations of the film industry—and apparently there must if the names of certain gentlemen in Washington are to be kept always in the newspapers—let them be aimed at what is really the matter with the motion-picture business: to wit, the manifest inability of many of the supposed leaders to lead and of many of the supposed picturemakers to make pictures.

Their inefficiency and inertia could be tolerated, and was tolerated, while the margin of profit was so great that a million here or a million there going down the movie drainpipe would hardly be missed. But now, with revenue cut 40 per cent by the disappearance of the foreign market, and the American public on a sit-down strike at the box office, Hollywood is paying for these flops. There is a threatened severe shortage of milk and honey over the mountains out cinema way.

And how does all this affect us?

Thusly: The continued existence in Hollywood high places of worse than nonentities, whether they call themselves producers, writers, or directors, is ruining the business from which we have the right to expect intelligent entertainment at prices we can afford to pay. Their prompt removal is, therefore, as important to us as it is to the industry whose blood they suck.

For example, it was no secret to the rest of the world that Europe was at war. Other industries, faced with loss of European revenue, adjusted themselves accordingly. Hollywood was caught with its financial pants dragging in the dust of its shattered dreams. Only after the spanking had been duly administered did the boys around the mahogany recover their accustomed aplomb.

"When the money stopped coming in, I knew there was something wrong," explained one cinema big shot to his irate board of directors.

Mr. Big has met most of his other economic problems just as ineptly.

Most industries have had their labor troubles, and some of them have not been so hot in the way they have met them, but it remained for Hollywood to get mixed up in hard to explain financial transactions with Willie Bioff.

Every major industry has Washington trouble, or thinks it has, but none has handled its troubles or alleged troubles so badly as the picture industry. It has fought the government of the United States as if it were a foreign country, only to bow at last in humiliating and expensive defeat.

In dealing with its own people, the men who show its pictures, it has displayed less finesse. Not content with a live-and-let-live policy, many of the big producing companies have reached out into the exhibition field, raced with each other in the building of theaters that were not needed and could not be filled, and have demoralized the business of showing pictures for the average exhibitor.

In short, the evidence is overwhelming that Mr. Big hasn't at any time really understood his own business.

When, in an effort to boost theater attendance, some one—his only safety is his anonymity!—thought up the bright scheme of giving two pictures for the price of one, Hollywood, instead of nipping the nonsense in the well known bud, actually encouraged the use of double features, and even triple features, which, besides being abominations in themselves and serving to drive intelligent people out of the theaters, necessitated the making of more than six hundred feature-length pictures a year.

"And," as a wise man remarked, "there aren't that many good actors and directors, let alone that many good stories."

Result: What used to be the movie public stays at home beside the radio.

No wonder even the movie trade papers are now clamoring for a cleansing of the cinema stables, or rather of the cinema front offices!

I have mentioned the Hollywood Reporter. This publication is the Bible of the literate movie men—by which is meant those who can read. Its editor's efforts to drive some sense into the Hollywood cranium have recently been summed up as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, you are sitting in and watching the death of a great industry—the motion-picture industry. An industry that's gradually, but surely, passing on to lower levels each and every week in public estimation and patronage because of bad leadership and a general incompetency among those leaders who are sitting in on the

deathwatch with hardly a prescription to administer to the patient."

And the movie theaters? Ask the man who owns the one you used to go to, and don't go to now.

He, too, has long known that Hollywood was coming on evil days, and why. Through his various organizations and their representatives he has been hammering for years on the closed doors of Hollywood's alleged brain. At last, his patience exhausted, he has served the Hollywood Mr. Bigs with this ultimatum:

"This is our swan song. The big fellows now will either do something about conditions to help themselves or some other big fellows will be doing it for them."

In short, Hollywood as it is now constituted is all washed up.

We of the filmetariat, who pay the bills of moviedom, have no interest in Mr. Big's economic problem *per se*. He can lose his European market. He can muff his chance to capture the South American market, which he has done, by making the silly kind of near-South American pictures he has made—and it serves him right. He can play the fool in dealing with Willie Bioff on the one hand and with Thurman Arnold on the other—and he is welcome to what he gets. But when we realize that the same mentality—Heaven save the word!—which leads him to do these things is what leads him to make bad pictures we are on the field of Wagram, we are at home.

And we jolly well stay there.

We former pewholders in the cathedral of the motion picture knew the Hollywood producers didn't know their business by the silly way they treated our favorite stars—and this is not a bad way to tell, either.

We may not know Hollywood's foreign income situation or its domestic labor problem, but we do know its Myrna Loy. It is no thanks to the Mr. Bigs, however, that we have that pleasure. For eight long years they did their best to conceal her by painting her yellow.

We know Hollywood's Clark Gable, too. But he would never have been Hollywood's, or ours, if the Mr. Bigs had had their way. They couldn't see that Clark could give us anything but ears. Then, until Frank Capra discovered he was a comedian, they couldn't see that he could do anything but punch little girls in the face.

But don't think for a minute that these absurdities are confined to the big pictures and the big stars. Sterling performers, consigned to the hated B pictures, suffer quite as keenly from studio ineptness. For example, in Public Deb No. 1, George Murphy, who's an ace hoofer, plays the role of a man who can't dance, and Ralph Bellamy, who can't dance, does the rumba. Bellamy took lessons from Murphy to perfect himself for the part!

Numberless other examples of front-office incompetence will occur to every follower and former follower of the films.

The little Miss Nobodies they have tried to wish on us with build-ups that must have cost the industry, in the grand total, millions of dollars. And the silly publicity stunts that have sent so many real Miss Somebodies—even a great artist like Greta Garbo—into long periods of eclipse.

And the ill timed salary fights with ticket sellers like Ann Sheridan when they were at the height of their popularity and in a position to draw many times their asked-for increases to the movie gate.

And the jealous attempt to laugh Orson Welles out of town, only to discover that he had made the greatest picture of the year—technically, at least, the greatest picture yet made.

And the appalling fear of doing anything that hasn't been done before—the craven shrinking from progress, from anything or anybody that might unseat the incompetents from their swivel chairs and their polo ponies.

And the— But why go on?

We the people know what the trouble with Hollywood is. And what are we going to do about it?

Well, there's an old phrase which turns up in most political campaigns, and it still packs a load of wisdom:

"Throw the rascals out!"

If we insist that the incompetents in Hollywood high places be thrown out, we shall be doing not only ourselves but the really fine men in the motion-picture industry a great service.

There is nothing the matter with the picture business that a few islands of Elba won't cure!

THE END

New Leadership?

Trouble over the mountains out cinema way! How long will the Mr. Bigs survive?

Are We Going to Starve With $20,000

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ LIVING standards, everywhere on this earth, are being smashed. Privately owned wealth has practically disappeared from every country in Europe. How then is this war already affecting us in America? We are the richest of all peoples, endowed plentifully by God and nature and the works of man. Shall we be able to maintain our high standard of living while everywhere else even the barest necessities of life are disappearing?

The answer is to be found neither in the speeches of statesmen nor in the wishful heart of man. It is beginning to appear in that gloomy forest of statistics which must be traversed before the truth can be reached. And alongside statistics is the record of measures already taken and proposed, the balance sheets of income and expenditure, and such similar ugly creatures that torment and frighten, but which we must overcome and analyze if we are not to kid ourselves.

For instance, for the first time, America is consciously setting out to lower its standards of living. It has been the American pride and boast that ours was the highest standard of living on earth. We called it the American way of life. We shouted in clarion tones that we owned more cars, more electric refrigerators, more radios, that we ate better foods and in greater varieties, that we wore better clothes, that we spent more on cigarettes and cosmetics than any other people. And it was all true.

And it ought always to be true. We possess within our own borders adequate supplies of foodstuffs, of the greatest variety, and of raw materials for manufactured goods to supply our every want. And we own the largest industrial establishments on earth. If we are forced to lower our standards of living, something is frightfully wrong with the organization and direction of our economy. We cannot want, as England does, because we are lacking in foodstuffs. We can produce all that may be needed right here at home. We cannot demand *Lebensraum*, as the Germans do. We have room enough for double our population within our own borders. We cannot plead lack of machinery, as the Russians do. We possess plant and equipment unequaled upon this earth. Yet, we are far behind our possibilities. In the World War we were able to ship millions of tons of milk and breadstuffs to our Allies without even slightly imperiling our own supplies. Today we make a fuss over the shipment of 4,000,000 eggs, which equals one egg once for every twelfth person in England. What's wrong with us? Where have we fallen down?

In the first place, let me say that the essential yardstick by which the standard of living of any people is measured is the use of consumption goods. How much meat, bread, automobiles, and the thousand and one other commodities is consumed per family in a year? Of course, that is averaged over the whole population, and it can be worked out quite accurately. Take automobiles as a measure of a commodity which in most countries is regarded as a luxury but which with us has become an ordinary possession of most families. The automobile is a useful measure for American purposes, because it is the center point of our industrial life. Directly and indirectly, about 5,000,000 Americans earn their living out of this industry.

Of all the motor vehicles registered in the world in 1940, 68 per cent were in the United States, making about one automobile for every four persons. The five countries that approached this record, in order, were New Zealand, Hawaiian Islands, Australia, Canada, France. A country like the United Kingdom showed one car to nineteen persons and Soviet Russia showed one to every 213 persons.

Now, what is the situation that we face? The automobile industry has already agreed to curtail production by 50 per cent, and the financing of partial payments for automobiles has been made more stringent, so that the sale of cars will be reduced. The object is to utilize raw materials and machinery more effectively for the national defense; *but, from the standpoint of the standard of living of the American people, this is the first concerted, planned effort backward to a lower order.* That is a fact which we shall have to face.

Exactly the same situation faces us as regards taxation. And here I wish to digress a moment to relate taxes to the standard of living. A dollar cannot be stretched beyond its purchasing power. Many governments have tried that trick, but they have always ended in the disaster of inflation. Mr. John Public goes to work and earns a dollar. He divides it something like this: 65 cents for living costs; 5 cents for taxes; 30 cents for savings and investments. That, more or less, with wide variations, was the way we lived in the United States during most of our history. But in recent years it has changed. The ratio has been about 70 cents for the cost of living; 20 cents for taxes; and 10 cents for savings and investments. Now, obviously, if taxes go to 30 cents and the cost of living remains stationary, then there can be no savings or investments. If taxes go to about 30 cents on the earned dollar and the cost of living goes up, then obviously the only way to make ends meet is to reduce the cost of living—to buy less, to use less, to have less.

Not everybody pays taxes directly, but ways are usually found to add taxes to the price of goods. In 1939 only about 12 per cent of the total American population paid any income

Growing taxes, rising price
lowered standards of living
We don't have to accept then

taxes. These income-tax payers earned around 22 per cent of the national income for that year. Obviously, by simple arithmetic, that means that 88 per cent of the population receiving 78 per cent of the income paid no taxes. For this reason, those who do pay taxes have to cut off an increasing amount of savings and investments, and eventually off their cost of living.

Now we are adopting a tax schedule which will affect the total population radically. Nearly everybody will pay direct taxes.

Incomes between $3,000 and $50,000 are earned by what is called the middle class in the United States. They constitute the bulk of our consuming population. Many of them own their homes, drive a car, own a radio or two, take vacations, and eat good food. Most of them have life-insurance policies. It is this vast segment of our population who will be forced to stop saving money, stop investing money, stop spending freely, and who will have to buy less of the goods that American farmers and workers wish to sell to American consumers. These Americans will be paying too large a share of their incomes in taxes to be able to maintain the American standard of living. Income-tax figures show that for the ten-year period between 1929-39 this segment in our population has steadily been falling into lower brackets. In 1929 it was figured that the per capita income for all Americans was $682; but in 1939 it was $528, showing a decrease of 23 per cent. The group earning between $5,000 and $10,000 showed a decrease of 28 per cent in income, and 27 per cent fewer people in that group reported. None of these changes was in any way related to the national defense.

In the face of increased taxes and the diversion of goods from the consumer to the national defense, the cost of living is going up. Every housewife knows that—she knows it every day that she goes to the grocer's. I am writing this during the month

...0,000 Worth of Gold in Our Mouths?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

of September, and there has now been a steady rise in prices for six months, with not the slightest indication that the rise will stop. In fact, the National Industrial Conference Board reports that from August, 1940, to August, 1941—during one year—the rise in food costs has amounted to 12.8 per cent, which is enormous. It means that one dollar will buy only about 95 cents' worth of food. As compared with the low point of the depression in 1933, all prices have risen 24 per cent.

There is no justification for such rises, because there is no shortage in the United States of foodstuffs of any kind. Except for coffee, tea, and cocoa, this country needs to import nothing. Whereas England, Belgium, France, and such countries are dependent upon outside sources for their food supplies, in the United States we possess practically limitless possibilities of production. We are still, as a matter of fact, functioning under laws which limit growing food products.

When this rise in food prices is accompanied by a sharp increase in taxes, the result can only be a general reduction in purchases and a lowering of the American standard of living. This is particularly true of the economic middle class, which circulates its earnings most freely. Harold G. Moulton, of the Brookings Institution, makes an interesting point in this connection:

"The facts show conclusively that at no time . . . [generally referring to the 1920s] were the people of the United States, taken as a whole, living on a higher plane than was justified by our productive power. On the contrary, at no time were our productive facilities fully utilized, and in none of the so-called periods of extravagance were we failing to replace and to expand our supply of productive capital. . . . Whatever may be true of particular individuals or groups, it cannot be said that the nation as a whole is living beyond its means as long as consumption is less than productive capacity and new capital is also being created."

It is important to note Dr. Moulton's conclusions carefully because, with such evidence before us, we have a right to challenge the theory that in this vast country, with its huge supply of raw materials and its vast industrial establishments, it is necessary to lower the standard of living of the people if we are to supply the needs of the national defense. The facts simply do not bear out the contention of those who are attacking what they call "business as usual." These attackers really seek to throw our people down to the level of the Europeans.

If we cannot operate both production for the use of our people and production for the national defense, it is because we are badly organized. It is a mark of the failure both of government and industry. It is a symbol of absolute incompetence.

Americans fear that rising prices, rising taxes, and the rising national debt will lead to inflation. But what do they mean by inflation? This is a term very loosely used by politicians and others but which in economics simply means that the currency of a country loses radically in purchasing power. For instance, in November, 1923, 42,000,000,000 marks in Germany were worth one cent of American money. That was the most drastic form of inflation ever experienced in human history. In effect, money became valueless, and individuals, to eat or clothe themselves, resorted to barter. Families found their possessions wiped out.

In modern times, inflationary tendencies have appeared in different countries. For instance, during the American Revolutionary War the paper money issued by the Continental Congress so lost in value that the phrase "It isn't worth a continental" passed into the language of the people. Similarly, the greenbacks issued by the federal government during the Civil War fell until a dollar was only worth 35 cents, while Confederate money became altogether valueless. The currency of many countries became valueless, or nearly so, during the World War.

Two principal factors enter into inflation. One is the confidence the average person has in the value of the currency of his government. Once the ordinary consumer loses confidence in the money of his own country, he dumps it as fast as he can lay his hands on it. He buys things even if he does not need them, principally to get rid of cash. His wild buying sends prices up, which has the effect of reducing the purchasing power of his money.

When millions of people play that game, panic is inevitable and money, day by day—nay, hour by hour—loses in value.

Such inflation is psychological. The loss of confidence may not be justified, but if it exists, panic takes place none the less.

The second factor is the rise in government debts and obligations, requiring servicing charges and amortization obligations too great for the country to raise out of taxes and loans. Governments often, under those circumstances, tamper with the currency. They devalue. They print tremendous amounts of paper money for which there is no security other than the say-so of the government. The ordinary person gets scared by these processes, and he dumps his money. In this case, it is not only a matter of confidence but it becomes obvious that no matter how it is figured the money will lose in value.

Inflation in the United States is altogether unjustified. On September 26 the government of the United States owned $22,748,000,000 of monetary gold, more than 80 per cent of the world's supply. The United States is sound and solvent. There is no justification for inflation, for hoarding, for panic, or for runaway prices. It is a matter of adequate planning and organization, not only for the national defense but also for the preservation of our sound economy.

THE END

ILLUSTRATOR
HY RUBIN

Ron closed the door again, laughing, having discovered Tom fast asleep in his chair.

Breath of Life

☆ WHEN Dr. Theron Lewis married Lydia, daughter of Dr. Allen, a famous obstetrician, he expected happiness, understanding, children. Lydia, however, beautiful, cold, selfish, gives him none of these things. Her father, whose assistant Ron is and whose practice he has almost entirely taken over because of the older man's bad heart, realizes that his daughter has failed her husband. He does not know, however, what Ron suspects—that she is drinking in secret.

Amabell Jarvis, brittle woman of the world and Lydia's friend, warns Ron to pay more attention to his wife, tells him that she is seeing too much of Amabell's brother, Timothy Wilson. But Ron, devoted to his profession, is too busy. The only woman he knows who can understand his love for his work is Jenny Barton, granddaughter of Dr. Barton, who was, before his death, a general practitioner in the village from which Ron came and where his stepmother, Mamie, still lives. Jenny is a supervisor in the Lister Memorial Hospital where Ron works.

Jenny is fond of Lydia—even though she envies her Ron's love. After much persuasion on Lydia's part, she promises to spend her vacation with her at Dr. Allen's house in Southampton.

PART SIX—A CALL FROM THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

☆ MAMIE wrote that she and Mrs. Roberts were getting along nicely, that Bill Treat had remarried, and "the little boy seems happy." She covered several pages with her delicate spidery writing, giving Ron all the homely daily news . . . the political shake-up in the township; the sudden accidental death of the young doctor from downstate who had settled near by and taken over most of Dr. Barton's practice.

"People liked him," she wrote, "and were beginning to trust him. I don't know what we will do. There isn't any one in the immediate district now. We are hoping that some one will come, but you know most of the young men want to settle in a town, at least. All a doctor can make here is a living and friends. Dr. Barton used to say a man who had friends and a roof over his head needed nothing more to make him happy. But there aren't many like him any more."

She went on to say that she and Mrs. Roberts had been canning—they'd put up berries, tomatoes, watermelon pickles, beets, relishes, and bread-and-butter pickles, and she was sending some down to Lydia. "I know," she added, "that you can buy anything you want, but sometimes home-cooked things taste better." She added wistfully that she would dearly love to see him and Lydia if they could ever get away.

There was no use in asking Lydia again. It had been four years now, and as yet she had not fulfilled her promise; nor was she likely to. In summer she was too busy; in autumn she was settling the town apartment; in winter it would be too cold, and besides she would be going South for a while; in spring there were a thousand and one things to do and the island house had to be opened. . . .

Ron thought, I'll manage somehow. I'll run up there and spend a week with her before winter.

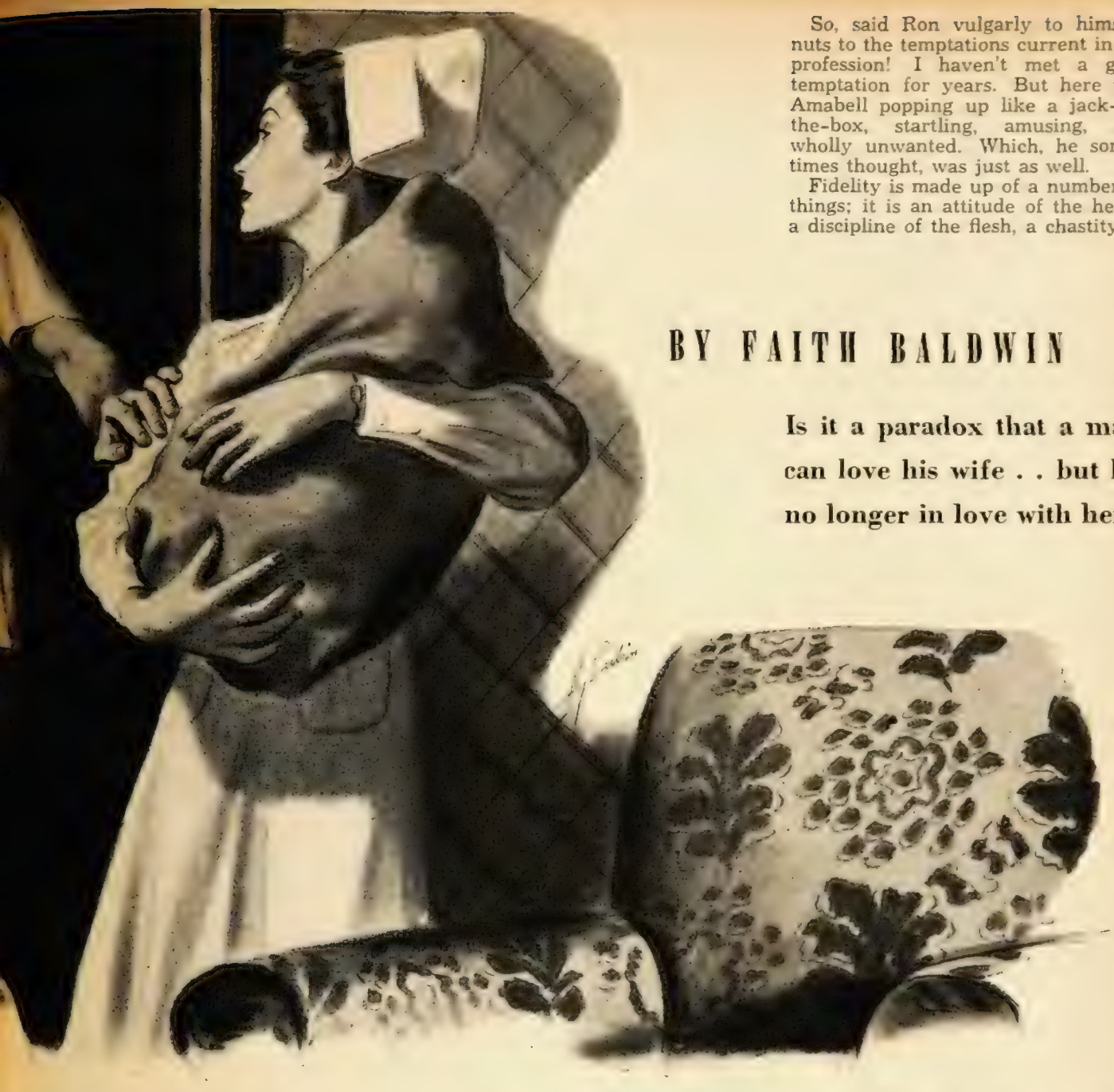
He sent Lydia the letter without comment, and she telephoned him that the preserves and pickles had arrived. "All unpacked," she said gaily, "and on the shelves. I've written Mamie. It was sweet of her. . . ."

He had expected that. She'd write; and next time she was in town she would send Mamie something pretty and useless, something Mamie would exhibit to her friends and then put carefully away and never use. Lydia, after her fashion, paid her obligations. She could write a graceful letter, remember birthdays and Christmases, walk into a shop and order something—"Charge to me, send to this address"—but anything entailing personal sacrifice was alien to her. He thought, if he went to her tomorrow and said, "Look here; I have a free five or six days. How about driving upstate, just you and me?" she would have a hundred excuses.

Amabell Jarvis was like a well dressed mosquito buzzing into his ear over the wire: Dare she interrupt him? Could he take her to cocktails? She was in town on some mysterious mission connected with French refugees; would he have time for lunch, would he dine with her, couldn't he get away and be on the island over the week-end?—she was throwing a party.

She called so frequently that the Misses Watson began to wear a curious look of restrained reproach.

However, it wasn't hard to evade Amabell. You needn't feel so virtuous about it, Ron told himself upon one occasion. Temptation is very easily routed if you don't happen to be tempted.



So, said Ron vulgarly to himself, nuts to the temptations current in my profession! I haven't met a good temptation for years. But here was Amabell popping up like a jack-in-the-box, startling, amusing, and wholly unwanted. Which, he sometimes thought, was just as well.

Fidelity is made up of a number of things; it is an attitude of the heart, a discipline of the flesh, a chastity of

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Is it a paradox that a man can love his wife . . but be no longer in love with her?

He did not quite dare ask himself how virtuous he would deserve to feel if Amabell hadn't been Amabell but some delightful, attractive—attractive to him, that is—woman who was just as accessible.

He loved Lydia. He was no longer in love with her; he was often impatient with her in his thoughts; frequently hurt by or angry at her. He admitted to himself that after four years there were great gaps in the pattern of his understanding of her. He admitted further that he had married the wrong woman—or that Lydia had married the wrong man. A subtle difference. It depended upon who was regarding the problem, which attitude you assumed. But he knew that his senses were still involved by her direct appeal, and that over and above that factor he still felt for her, still experienced basically, a deep and unhappy tenderness.

As for other women—

Physicians are assumed to be more tempted than most men, but it happened that his specialty brought him into contact with women in whom his interest could only be professional. The pregnant woman is scarcely equipped to scatter glamour along her path. His patients were married—save for a few unfortunate girls who came to the clinics. The majority of them were, as far as he knew, happily married. Those who were not were nevertheless still bestowing hostages to fortune. He was not in the position of specialists in other fields.

To be sure, most of his patients, after their delivery, during convalescence, dressed for him—the pretty bed jacket, the touch of rouge and lipstick, the charming nightgown—but that is a merely normal reaction from months of heaviness and burden. He was quite aware that he was only a symbol.

Other doctors—diagnosticians, surgeons, gynecologists — well, theirs might be a different story.

the loyalties. It can also be a matter of personal fastidiousness and good luck. Sometimes it is all of these.

Since Ron's marriage no woman had interested him emotionally, unless he excepted Sarah Cutler.

Sarah was an obstetrician, and a successful one. She was interning during Ron's residency. She was completely the career woman. He had once told her that she was all high Cs—career, cleverness, competency, and colleague.

They had been friends, in a way, during that early period, but he was by then in love with Lydia and his heart was single-tracked. Then, after completing her interneship, Sarah had become resident at another, smaller hospital, with which she was still associated. But she was on the courtesy staff of Lister as well, and Ron came in occasional contact with her there. Also, she called him in consultation.

Another high C!

Jenny Barton knew her rather well. They had met in the hospital and had become friends. Now and then Jenny dined with her.

He wasn't in love with Sarah Cutler, but she attracted him; and the fact that he was sufficiently vulnerable to become even mildly attracted disturbed him somewhat. He was thinking of this when, in early September, he went to the hospital and, as he parked his car, saw Sarah driving out of the circle. She waved to him, called something that he could not catch, and drove away.

This was his last hospital call for, he hoped, two weeks. He was discharging his last patient there today. For two weeks he hoped he might call his soul his own and stay at Southampton. He was picking Jenny up and driving her down after his call was concluded. All arrangements for his brief vacation had been made.

He was just leaving the hospital when he was called to the telephone. When he came out again, he drove directly to the Nurses' Home, and found Jenny ready and waiting in the reception room. He asked, without preliminaries, "Pack any uniforms?"

Jenny laughed. "Everything but. What's the matter?" she asked soberly.

"Run upstairs and get one—two for safety," he said. "We have a job to do. I'll tell you as we drive."

She came back promptly, uniforms over her arm, cap and shoes in her hand. "I didn't stop to find another bag," she said apologetically.

"Good. Stow them in the back seat; your bags are already in the trunk," he said. "We'll have to stop at the office."

☆ ON the way downtown he explained.

He had a patient—one of Allen's—who around October first expected her second child. She had arranged to be delivered at home, as she had a horror of hospitals. "Home" was a New York apartment, but at the moment she was in Connecticut, at her summer place. The telephone call which had just reached Ron was from the local doctor, who informed him that Mrs. Renton had had an accident, a bad fall, and had been put to bed. There was every likelihood, added Dr. White, that she would go into active labor.

"We'll stop for my bag," said Ron. "You can check it for me while I put in a call to Lydia, and then we'll be on our way. You and White can assist. It seems that the two nurses Mrs. Renton has engaged are on cases. I said you'd stand by till they get some one, which will probably be tomorrow at the latest. I picked up the other things we'll need at the hospital, by the way."

They reached the office. Both the Misses Watson were on vacation, and while Jenny checked his bag he called Lydia. She was not in, but his father-in-law was. Hanging up, he said peremptorily, "Let's go."

Crosstown to the Causeway, over the Henry Hudson, the Sawmill, the Cross Country, the Hutchinson, and the Merritt. Jenny sat quietly beside him, her dark eyes remote, her hands folded in her lap. They didn't talk much until they were out of the heavier traffic and on the Merritt. Then he said, drawing a long sigh:

"This is no way to begin your vacation, Jenny."

"Why not? I like it," she said, smiling.

"Busman's holiday," he told her. "Well, we'll have to stop on till it's well over and I'm satisfied about her. Curious thing—I saw her less than a week ago, and arranged to have Danvers see her during the two weeks I'd be away—"

"Speaking of Dr. Danvers," said Jenny—

"Well?"

"It's just gossip," she told him.

"Shoot," said Ron cheerfully. "I haven't heard any good gossip in years."

☆ "IT'S not that kind," she said, smiling. "It's about him and Sarah Cutler. . . ."

"Heavens," said Ron, startled, "he's ten, fifteen years older, isn't he?"

"Yes, and a widower," she supplemented. "But they've been seen together a good deal. Then, the last time we talked together, she said something about changes being considered in her office."

"They'd be a grand pair, working together," said Ron. He felt a slight but definite pang. Dr. Cutler was nothing to him, heaven knew—but it would be wonderful to love a woman who could work with you on equal terms. Not that every man felt that way.

He said, "Speaking of people working together, how about you and Ward Aylmer?"

She flushed very slightly. She said, "Nothing in it, Ron—honestly. If there were, I'd tell you first of all."

"He's a swell guy," Ron commented, "and he's going places."

"But not with me," said Jenny. She added, "I like him very much, but—"

"It's a good basis," said Ron, "for marriage."

She looked at him, startled. "Surely," she asked, "not the best?"

"Liking," he explained slowly, "often becomes love. But sometimes you can love some one without liking them very much, and that's not so good, Jenny."

She thought, He means Lydia. She thought further, But I couldn't love Ward—not ever. She knew that now without a shadow of a doubt. At first she had been pleased to find that she attracted him—he was such fun, so clever, and such an amiable companion. Several times in recent months she wondered if something were lacking in her because she could not become in the least emotional over Ward. Girlish, she called it to herself, feeling so much older than she was. The last time they had been out together, they had talked long and gravely over dinner, and afterward had driven up into Westchester and danced at a little out-of-the-way place. He had drawn her out on the wide side porch and taken her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment she had responded to his embrace, being young and lonely and ardent. But only for a moment. Afterward, she knew.

She thought, as Ron didn't speak again—stealing a look at him, his intent face, his hands on the wheel—I was a little in love with you once, and now I like you better than any man I know. So much that you spoil me for any one else. And she resented, briefly and bitterly, that because she liked him, because she remembered their first meeting and her foolish idle dreams thereafter, he had spoiled things for her.

He inquired, smiling: "What are you scowling about, Jenny?"

"I didn't know I was. The sun, maybe. . . ."

"You should wear dark glasses driving."

She said, "I can't get enough of the sun, shut up all day as I am."

He said, as if he hadn't heard her:

"Lydia is going to have our necks for this venture. But it can't be helped."

"Why our necks?"

"I suppose she's planned something for tonight," he said carelessly. "She's always planning something."

There was a short silence. Then Jenny asked: "How's Dr. Allen?"

"All right. He tires easily. The trick is to keep him from doing too much or from any real disturbance. He's started writing his memoirs. I've been after him, you know, for some time to do that. It occupies him and he enjoys it. Mrs. Petersen is with him, in Southampton. She retired when he did, you know, on a pension. I imagine she hated her retirement as much as he did his. The office handles his work, of course. It's limited now to consultations."

Jenny said, "You've been fortunate in him, haven't you?"—and wondered afterward if she had put the tonal emphasis on the pronoun . . . it had been a mental one, of course. Perhaps she had underscored it, not meaning to, for he looked at her quickly, inquiringly, and away. His voice when he replied was even.

"Very," he said. "He's the finest man I've ever known." His tone was shaken, suddenly, as if with fear.

☆ THE Renton place proved to be near Ridgefield and was very charming, an old white house, lawns, and great trees. Jenny had a glimpse of flower gardens and a swimming pool as she went up the front steps with Ron.

If the abnormally grave, extraordinarily thin manservant who admitted them was affected by the situation within doors, he did not show it. Would the doctor be so good as to come right this way, please? And he would take their things.

Halfway up the noble stairs which

led upward from the square front hall, they met a little man running down. He said, "Thank the Lord you've come, Dr. Lewis!"

This was the local doctor, White. He looked approvingly at Jenny, nodded at Ron's introduction, and explained:

"I've just had an emergency call. . . ." He turned, retraced his steps upstairs, and stood talking with Ron on the landing. Jenny, waiting on the wide turn, looked down at the paneled hall and the big fireplace, the flowers shining upward from their vases, and drew a deep breath. A lovely place, she told herself, in which to be born.

A three-year-old boy with a curly blond head, his hand in his nurse's, went chattering across the polished floor of the hall, his high clear voice like a bird's. "Where's mummy?" he demanded. "Why can't I see her?"

Dr. White turned, smiled at Jenny, and went running downstairs again. The hall door closed and Jenny caught up with Ron.

"Automobile smash-up," said Ron briefly. "An old patient who is also White's close friend, his wife and child. They're in Danbury Hospital. I told him we'd manage. He'll have nurses here by tomorrow."

☆ THE emaciated manservant was waiting for them at the top of the stairs, having evidently come through the wall or by a back way. He tiptoed to a door and stood back with a gesture.

Ron knocked, and a woman opened the door, comfortable and apple-cheeked. She was, she said, Mrs. Connent, the housekeeper.

Gertrude Renton was walking about the room. She was a tall woman with bright red hair and a charming freckled face. Her face was white now and the freckles stood out in bold relief. There was sweat on her forehead.

"Hi," she said cheerfully. "Am I or am I not a fool?"

Ron went forward and took her hand, and presented Jenny. He said, "I was just about to drive Miss Barton to Southampton, where she is to visit Lydia. As she's the Miss Barton who supervises the Lister delivery room, you'll be in good hands."

"I do get a good break now and then," said Gertrude, smiling. She had known Lydia for years and Ron since his marriage. She liked him and trusted him. Now and then she and her husband saw the Lewises nonprofessionally—dinner occasionally, theater or cocktails. "Tom should be here any minute now," she said; "he was driving right out." She cocked a courageous eye at Ron. "What an idiot I am!" she said. "Catching my heel and flinging myself headlong down those infuriating stairs."

He said mildly, "If you wouldn't wear high heels—"

"I didn't. Mules, if you please, and no heels at all, but slippery. . . . Well, that's that, and no bones broken. But—" she shrugged, "I'm bruised and battered. Good old White said, 'Noth-

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Read it in the current issue—it's on sale now—November.

True Story

ing to worry about,' when I called him, except of course the obvious fact that I'm going to have this baby pretty soon."

She turned to Mrs. Connent, who was waiting quietly.

"Will you show Dr. Lewis his room," she asked, "and put Miss Barton in next door?" Her face changed and grew, for a moment, still, almost stern with suffering, as if she were listening, intently and without complaint, to pain.

She added, after a moment, "I'm so glad you're here, Ron."

Jenny had brought her uniform out of the car with her. She went into the pleasant room which Mrs. Connent showed her, and asked if she might have the little brown bag from the car; it contained her toilet articles. It was not in the trunk but on the back seat. She asked further if Dr. Lewis' bag had been brought in, together with the other things he had indicated he would need.

She changed, settled her cap, knocked on Mrs. Renton's door, and Ron said cheerfully, "Well, suppose we see how things are going. . . ."

He had concluded his examination when Tom Renton came pounding upstairs and burst in without warning. His wife, lying on her high bed, the sheet drawn to her pointed chin, reprimanded amiably, "Nice boys knock on doors, Tom—"

"What the hell," said Tom, and stammered at the sight of Jenny. He looked wildly at Ron and around the room. He cried, "How badly is she hurt?"

"When we arrived," said Ron, "she was walking around putting pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, when it occurred to her. . . . She's all right, Tom, but your second son—"

"Daughter," said Gertrude firmly. . . .

"Daughter," repeated Ron obediently, "doesn't like falling downstairs, so she's going to make her debut a little sooner than we thought. And now, suppose you sit down and tell Gertrude how badly the market behaved today while Jenny and I make some plans—caterers, flowers, champagne, and orchestra—for the debutante."

☆ HE drew Jenny into the connecting room which was temporarily his. He said: "It won't be very long. Normally we'd count on about the average eleven hours for the first stage, but it looks to me as if it would be much less. Suppose we set up shop. There's a very elegant bathroom," he added, "next door, big enough to float a battleship."

The equipment he had picked up at the hospital consisted of the usual delivery-room sterile bundle, sheets, gowns, everything necessary. There were a few things he needed which Mrs. Connent could supply. And Jenny had checked his bag.

He said, "White won't be back—at least, I can't count on him. You'll have to give the anesthetic."

Later he went in to talk with his patient, and then downstairs with her extremely nervous husband. "Suppose," said Ron cheerfully, "you give me a cigar—which I hate—and show me your roses; or haven't you any at this time of year? And a drink wouldn't do you any harm at all. Jenny will stay with Gertrude."

When the men had gone, Mrs. Renton rose and prowled around the big room, with its white curtains and turquoise rugs, and general air of light and simplicity, peace and space. She paused by the card table to look at her jigsaw puzzle.

"If only I could find that piece," she said, "before Gertrude Jr. makes her appearance."

Jenny walked over to the table and looked down. She asked, "This one?" picked it up and put it where it belonged.

☆ "I COULD kill you," said Gertrude. She smiled. She added, "You're very pretty. . . . When little Tom was born, Dr. Allen brought his own nurse, too."

"Miss Garron?" asked Jenny.

"Do you know her? She was wonderful. Of course she departed as soon as he did, and I was left to the tender mercies of two very nice Lister girls."

"I've never met her," said Jenny, "but I've heard about her." She added, "How about walking a little more?"

"O. K., if you say so," said Gertrude, "but bed is beginning to appeal to me—not that it makes it any better." She walked up and down, stopping now and then to take hold of the back of a chair and then presently resuming her prowling. She asked, "I take it you and Lydia are friends?"

Jenny explained — and Gertrude nodded. She said, "It seems to me I've heard them speak of you. Ron's pretty grand, isn't he?" She added, slightly plaintive, "I wish he were a little more so—I mean, so this would be over. . . . Young Tom was stubborn as the devil—took hours and hours."

"Gertrude Jr. won't—"

"Think so? You're sweet," said Gertrude Sr. . . . "Look, tell me the truth—doctors are such liars—do you think I've done her an injury?"

"Dr. Lewis," Jenny began. . . .

"Ron to us both. Or isn't that proper in an improvised delivery room?"

"Perfectly proper in the circumstances," agreed Jenny, "as this isn't Lister. Anyway, he wouldn't lie to you, Mrs. Renton."

"That's what you think!"

Jenny said, "This is the loveliest place—"

"I like it," said Gertrude. "It belonged to my father. I wish I could live here all year around, but Tom hates commuting."

"I thought," said Jenny softly, "as I came in, what a wonderful place in which to be born—and," she added, "what a wonderful day . . . clear, but with that lovely blue haze over the hills and the leaves still green and roses still in the garden."

Mrs. Connent knocked and entered with a tray.

"What's that?" asked Gertrude. "Don't tell me it's food!"

"Doctor's orders," said Jenny. "Toast, broth, and some rice—"

"Good heavens," said Gertrude, "must I eat?"

"It's a good idea," said Jenny.

"I shall be sick," said Gertrude dramatically—"or is it, I will? In this case it's both—simple future time *and* determination or necessity or whatever you call it."

"I don't think so," said Jenny calmly. "Later we won't make you eat. But try a little now . . . and then another stroll and a few more pieces in the puzzle?"

When the tray had gone and the walking had been resumed, Mrs. Renton said musingly:

"More pieces in the puzzle. This is one of them, isn't it? A queer piece with hurting edges. You hate it, you're afraid of it, yet you want to fit it in. It's a lonely business. No matter how many people try to help, you have to do it yourself. . . . I don't mean that you haven't assistance, but primarily it's up to you . . . another piece in the life pattern."

The dinner hour came, and Ron reappeared, and then Tom, and finally Mrs. Connent, to sit with the patient while Jenny went downstairs to dine. Afterward, when Ron went upstairs again, she walked with Tom and the engaging little boy in the garden, and their talk was all of birds and the blue water of the pool and the wind in the trees because of the child. And then, as the dusk deepened, she went back upstairs to relieve the housekeeper.

☆ EVERYTHING was ready . . . and waiting. And the house seemed to hold its breath. Mrs. Renton was in bed when the moon rose high on the horizon and the stars danced in the deep dark blue. Tom Jr. had been to say good night to her long ago. She said to Jenny, "He has such a cute little nose—what do you bet it won't be out of joint?"

They had reached the Renton house around five thirty. At eleven o'clock that night Gertrude Renton had entered the second stage of her labor.

During the latter part of the first stage Jenny had given her ether. Coming out, between pains, she had spoken groggily, with her undefeated smile. "How about a little more of that?" she had inquired.

"You've got to help us," said Ron.

"Oh, I know," she told him. "That's all you men ever want—help."

Gertrude Jr. was born a few minutes before midnight. She weighed seven pounds; she was round, rosy, and a darling. She yelled like a banshee, and Tom, smoking chain fashion next door and frequently consulting the whisky decanter, let out his breath in a great sigh of relief and triumph and relaxed in his chair. Ron and Jenny were busy. They had two patients now. It was Ron who said, startled, "Good gosh," and opened the door between to inform the palpitant father that he had a daughter—but closed it again, laughing, having dis-

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

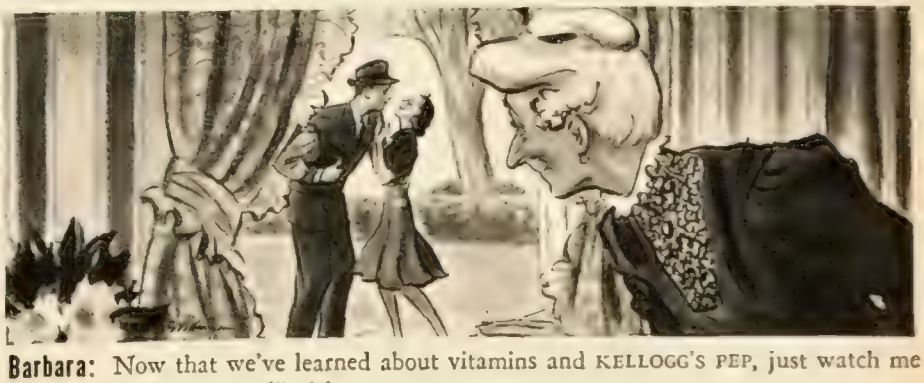
Barbara: Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*

Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.

Auntie: *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!

Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins B_1 and D.

Bob: Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!



Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.

Bob: *Sweetie, I can hardly wait!*

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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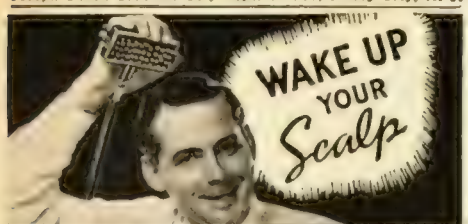

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covered him fast asleep in his chair.

At eight the next morning one of Dr. White's efficient nurses arrived and took over. Jenny, who had been up all night—because, as she explained to Tom, once he had wakened literally to the situation, "you don't just deliver a baby and go gaily on your way"—was having coffee in her patient's room, and Ron was sleeping briefly and soundly across his bed next door.

Of them all, the patient was the most chipper; color in her cheeks and lips, laughter in her eyes. Her baby was safe, she was safe. The rest would be routine and care, convalescence and congratulations.

☆ RON and Jenny got off that afternoon. He was confident that he could leave his patient. White would look in on Mrs. Renton, the excellent pediatrician in the neighborhood would take over the debutante. He said, "Well, you nearly ruined my vacation, but not quite. I'll drive up to see you in, say, two weeks."

It wasn't until he had been persuaded to a brief swim in the Renton pool, and had had lunch, that he remembered to call Lydia.

"Cripes!" he said to Jenny, stricken. "I forgot all about her. I'll phone and tell her we'll make Southampton in time for dinner."

They went, this time by way of Bridgeport and the ferry to Port Jefferson, across to Riverhead, and then on to the Hamptons. They reached the house shortly before dinner, and Lydia rose from the marine gloom of the living room to greet them. She said: "You're twenty-four hours or more late—"

"Having," supplemented Ron, "ushered a new citizen into this more or less ungrateful world." He attempted to kiss her, but she turned her cheek away. She said to Jenny reproachfully: "You might have done something about it, Jenny."

"I did," said Jenny; "I helped." She thought of the big room, still except for Ron's quiet voice, of the young woman on the bed, the smell of ether, and the feeling of gravity and tension and importance. She thought of Ron's eyes. She thought of his skillful hands, which seemed to possess such a separate knowledge. She thought of the first cry, in that still room, and of the sure, swift things they both had to do, and of Gertrude's smile when she woke, still half in her drugged dream of peace, and Ron told her, "Well, you have your wish, a daughter—and, if I'm not mistaken, a beauty. She'll break as many hearts as you did, Gertrude."

Blood and sweat, and agony and tears, and the hard, choked cry of anguish—all so very worth while, thought Jenny, so right, so real, so vital. The feel of the solid little body in her hands, strong but helpless, not yet resigned to helplessness, not yet adjusted to living. Then, after the baby was cared for, the waiting beside the mother, vigilant and controlled, helping her through the third, the last stage of this miracle. And then relieving Ron, letting him get the rest he needed, doing the necessary things she had been taught under his instruction. You had to be sure, you had to know, you must be safe.

Lydia said, "I had a party planned last night. Ron knew it."

"Mrs. Renton," said Ron rather sharply, "didn't plan *her* party. She merely fell downstairs. It was a fortunate thing that Jenny was with me."

"Oh," said Lydia, "I didn't say you'd arranged it." She looked at them and smiled. "I suppose," she added, "you were up all night?"

"Very nearly," said Ron briefly, while Jenny looked from one to the other.

"Just as long as you were *up*—" said Lydia. "How about showing Jenny her room? It's time to dress. And—oh, yes, dad came in; he wanted to see you; you'll find him upstairs."

She turned and went through the French doors to the terrace, and Ron took Jenny's arm and went upstairs with her. He said, "Look here, she didn't mean it. I—"

"That's all right," said Jenny; "I don't mind. She's cross with us, that's all."

He thought, I could wring her neck. "'Just as long as you were *up*—'"

He stopped at the door of the room which was to be Jenny's, and said with sudden awkwardness, "I hope you'll be comfortable. Your bags will be along in a moment."

Without going to his own room or stopping to see his father-in-law, he ran downstairs and out on the terrace. Lydia was lying there in a long canvas chair. She had said it was time to dress, and she herself was not dressed, he noticed. She wore a foolish, becoming dirndl. She was smoking and looking out over the garden.

☆ HE said, "You weren't very cordial to Jenny."

She shrugged. "Why should I be? I don't feel cordial. She's your friend," she reminded him—"Florence Nightingale, complete with lamp—or is it Mary's little lamb?"

"Be quiet," he said harshly. "You've hurt her, I think, very much. She's fond of you, Lydia. . . ."

"Why shouldn't she be?" Lydia asked. "I am not the rose. You are, my sweet. It's a sort of wonderful sublimation. She's in love with you, so she's fond of me. Quaint, isn't it? Well, you ruined my party last night, both of you." She stood up, and he saw the dragonfly pinned at the curve of her breast. It quivered its bright wings, a slender, malicious thing living in jewels. He had never seen it before. She added slowly:

"I've been a fool for a long time. I thought she was too—damned pure, and you too stupid."

Now that Lydia has opened Ron's eyes, will he turn from her to Jenny, whose love for him is real and true? Will the dragonfly pin—Timothy's gift—cause trouble? Don't miss the next exciting chapter of this vivid novel.

Sonja Henie's precious legs are insured for more than the famous Mistinguette's.

She Happens on Ice

and rhymes with penny. The incredible (but true) story of a girl who became all she dreamed she'd be . . . and more

BY J. P. McEVOY

☆ LEGEND has it that when Sonja Henie (rhyme it with penny) started skating at six, she said to her mother: "I'm going to win ten world's championships and three Olympics. Then I'm going to retire, undefeated."

She did.

While she was doing this she was asked what she was going to do when she was finished with competitive skating. "Oh," she hazarded, "I'm going to be a movie star and make a million dollars."

And she did.

Born in 1913, in Oslo—Sonja walked with perfect balance at ten months, skied at four years, skated at six, won her first competition at seven, and was Norwegian figure-skating champion at eleven.

At thirteen she was world champion, and for nine consecutive years thereafter—during which she also won three Olympics in a row. Then she retired, undefeated, from the amateur ranks in 1936, crashed Hollywood—starting as a star—made seven box-office hits, and cleaned up more than a million dollars. The only thing she neglected to tell her mother was that she would then marry a young handsome heir to ten million bucks.

She did that, too.

Sonja came by her physical equipment honestly. Her father, Wilhelm Henie, was a world champion speed bicyclist and won 160 trophies in sports of all sorts, including skating and ski jumping. Sonja's several hundred medals are not all for skating. She is an excellent horsewoman, hockey player, swimmer, has won eighteen skiing championships, three Scandinavian tennis titles, was Norwegian women's decathlon champion—and in 1934 was the only woman ever to enter one of the most grueling events in the world—a three-day automobile road race—fifteen hours a day. She finished second.

A great athlete must have timing. Sonja's, in skating, is miraculous. In business it approaches the mystical. Probably Sonja's greatest triumph was beating Hitler to the punch. She had just returned from her annual three-months visit to her Norway home when the war broke out. It took a frantic week to get a telephone call through to her brother Leif, who was running the family fur business. "Sell the business and come to America," she told him. He refused: "It's unthinkable. For a century we have been furriers to the Court of St. James's." Next night Sonja was on the transatlantic phone again. And the next. Leif (pronounced Lafe) gave up. The business was sold, Leif came to America, the Nazis went to Norway, the business went to hell.

Her sports clothes business was already over here; for, never one to miss a trick, Sonja had introduced her own designs into her own ice shows, modeled them from coast to coast, and took orders between leaps.

She wrapped Hollywood up in the same Scotch tape, refusing offers in 1932 with "Wait four years." Then

she came to Hollywood in 1936, hired the only ice-skating rink, threw a party for the sports writers—ignoring the stars, who had ignored her first—and put on the same show which had already been seen by 90,000 people in New York. It was Hollywood's first view of her three-time champion Olympic routine, and the town went crazy.

☆ DARRYL ZANUCK offered her $15,000 for one picture, but she smiled indignantly. "I will be a star in my first picture."

"Who told you that?" scoffed Darryl.

"I told me that," Sonja replied patiently. "Come, mother; we have five other studios to call on."

Zanuck raised the ante to $25,000, then to $50,000. Impatient with this nickeling, Sonja counter-offered for $300,000. The battle ended with a contract to star her in her first picture for $60,000, with options for five years which eventually brought her more than a million dollars for seven pictures.

Sonja is always in condition; sleeps ten hours a night, never smokes or drinks. Her mother is with her always—at rehearsals to see that she doesn't wear herself out, during shooting as the one observer who knows skating and can spot imperfections. Sonja has been known to repeat a number thirty-two times for the camera before she and her mother were satisfied.

Sonja becomes angry with herself when she makes a mistake—which isn't often, for her record is the most spectacular of any athlete, male or female, in history. But even close competition arouses her Nordic wrath. In the 1936 Olympics in Germany, halfway through the competition, the judges posted the scores for the school figures, showing Henie leading by a very slim margin. She angrily demanded that the scores be taken down until the competition was finished. When nobody moved to obey, she ripped them down herself, and, then went out and gave a magnificent free-skating exhibition and walked off with the championship.

This same impatience with close rivalry carried over into her professional career, for she hires no skaters for her shows who might challenge her supremacy. A close call early in her career put the fear of Thor in her. It was the all-important opening show in Hollywood. Her partner, Jack Dunn, got eight encores for a dazzling solo. Sonja, fuming backstage, called her henchmen and ordered them to go right out in the crowd and get her ten encores. She got 'em.

Seeing Pavlova—her most memorable experience—and hearing about her life, Sonja reacted typically: "I decided to be as good." And so she was the first to dance on skates, the first to introduce the showmanship of ballet technique and costumes into competitive figure skating, which had been a coldly precise and undramatic affair—but never was again.

Though born into a family that could afford a private island home, a winter-resort lodge, the first automobile in Oslo, and could spend years constantly traveling as Sonja's private entourage in the profitless whirl of amateur competition—meanwhile supporting a tutor for her until she was eighteen, as well as the best ballet and skating teachers—Sonja turned professional to make her own money. Within thirty days of her 1936 world-championship victory she accepted an offer of $100,000 for an American tour. The following year her show grossed $500,000, and double that in 1938. Each succeeding year has seen it climb by more than $100,000. In 1940, for instance, 1,322,000 spectators paid $1,256,000 to see Sonja skate. She netted $240,000. She is the biggest drawing card known to Madison Square Garden, the greatest sports attraction ever, the first girl athlete to make a million, and has done more for her sport than has any other athlete in history.

While she was making the million on tour (with four air transports for her company of a hundred at first, and later an eleven-car private train) she made another million in the movies, becoming, at the same time, the only athlete to star in A pictures. Her first, One in a Million, grossed $1,700,000 in United States and Canadian first runs alone—the most money from any picture produced by Twentieth Century-Fox up to that time. When the gross of her first two pictures was totted up, it came to about four and a half million, and Sonja was third in box-office ranking.

In 1937 her personal take from the movies was $210,729 for two pictures, and for Sun Valley Serenade she was paid $125,000, somewhat less than for her previous picture, for there was no overtime on Sun Valley. For overtime Sonja gets $3,500 a day in the gossip columns, closer to $2,000 in fact.

Meanwhile she has been picking up pin money of $50,000 a year or so from endorsements—there are Sonja Henie dolls, toys, mittens, skates. Then there is her autobiography, Wings on My Feet, sold for a flat price, and It Happens on Ice, New York stage hit which she produced but in which she does not appear.

Her acumen, though, is no greater than her spirit of giving. Hairdressers, make-up and costume women, technicians on the set—all of whom she prefers to stars as friends—praise her generosity. Examining some jewelry one day at the studio, she was undecided about a bracelet—a solid band of diamonds—and asked a costume girl to model it. Then she asked the girl what she thought of it. The girl raved. "You like it?" said Sonja. "It's yours." She says, "I never give a gift to any one who can afford it. What's the point?"

She has created a nation-wide ice-show public, revolutionized skating costumes, encouraged ice rinks to sprout all over the country—there are over 200 now, with some 30,000,000 customers annually, who watch Sonja gracefully do Axel Paulsens, Jackson Haines, and double Salchows, then dash out, buy white skating shoes and her book, and scamper onto the ice.

Sonja never fell in competition, but she wept with mortification when she fell not once but twice before the British royal family. And she remembers as her worst moment her faux pas when Queen Mary expressed an interest in her sport. Sonja helpfully suggested the Queen might take up roller skating, and has been biting her tongue ever since. Queen Mary handled it majestically. "I will think about what you have said," she intoned.

☆ SHE has been injured only twice in her skating career. The worst was a sprained ankle, the other was during the shooting of My Lucky Star. Tired from a full day's work, she was running through the next day's routine, fell, and was out with a mild concussion for a couple of days.

Her most spectacular fall was in Kansas City. An imperceptible rut had been left in the ice by a hose which had lain on it before the show. Sonja zoomed down a chute into the arena to open the show, hit the rut, and flew sprawling onto the ice. She arose, unhurt and raging, skated back up the ramp, the music started over, and she made her entrance again.

For Sonja early learned how to fall. She passes on in her book as advice of primary importance: Don't stay rigid. Relax and swivel so the side of the hip takes the impact. Let go completely, sag at ankles, knees, hips as though you were going to sit down, and so fall in easy stages. "It is the way a length of rope drops, compared to a stick of wood. The one goes limply without a bang, the other whams."

She has never missed a show, not even for colds—she's had only one. Her only occupational affliction, resulting from her necessarily tight

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skating shoes (at forty dollars a pair), is cold feet. Living on ice and making a living of it, she still doesn't like a cold climate and can't understand why people will live anywhere else but in places like California.

Policed by both loving parents while dividing her amateur athletic time between work and more work, Sonja saw little romance until she came to Hollywood. There the studio thought it would be cute to pair her and Tyrone Power in public to publicize their roles in the same picture. It was a publicity agent's dream that even pushed the New Deal off the first page the day Power was pursued by photographers as he carried Sonja's breakfast up seventeen strike-bound floors of a Detroit hotel. To the publicity director's surprise, both Sonja and Tyrone took down with a high fever.

Both recovered, however, and last year Sonja fell in love once more, to marry tin-plate heir and playboy Dan Topping.

☆ BETWEEN Power and Topping the studio miracle workers gave Sonja a new hair-do, taught her how to make up, and slimmed thirty pounds off her chunky little (5 feet 2) chassis. She still eats anything—principally ice cream—but two daily massages and a more strenuous routine than in her competitive days have molded her to a svelte 105 pounds.

She has even been taught to act, which at first was a terrifying mystery to her; for, though she spoke fluent Norwegian, German, and French, her English was hesitant. But Sonja, methodical and intense, read and reread her scripts until she believed them.

"I am having a wonderful time, and I see no reason for hiding it," Sonja gurgles. Many unexpected honors have added to her fun. She has appeared in command performances for assorted royalty, had more babies named for her than any other star and her legs insured for more than the famous Mistinguette, has been menaced by ardent mobs who wrecked her car in Gothenburg, her clothes in Montreal, and, 35,000 strong in Copenhagen, stormed on the ice and shivered it with long cracks over which she skated anyway, through spouting geysers. Also she received, in 1938, Norway's highest decoration, given to only five other women, the Knight of the Order of St. Olaf, and was chosen in a national poll the outstanding living Norwegian, placing fifth for all-time honors, trailing Ibsen by six votes, and topping Knut Hamsun, Grieg, and Kirsten Flagstad. For some kind of climax she was made an honorary Indian, named Graceful Young Lady Who Skates on Ice.

Small wonder Henie is as independent as a hog on ice. "Hurry up," stormed director Sidney Lanfield. "You take longer to make up than Garbo!"

"Sure," chirruped Sonja; "but Garbo can't skate."

THE END

4 OUT OF 5 of us may be courting GINGIVITIS

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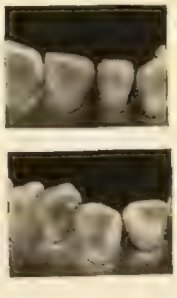

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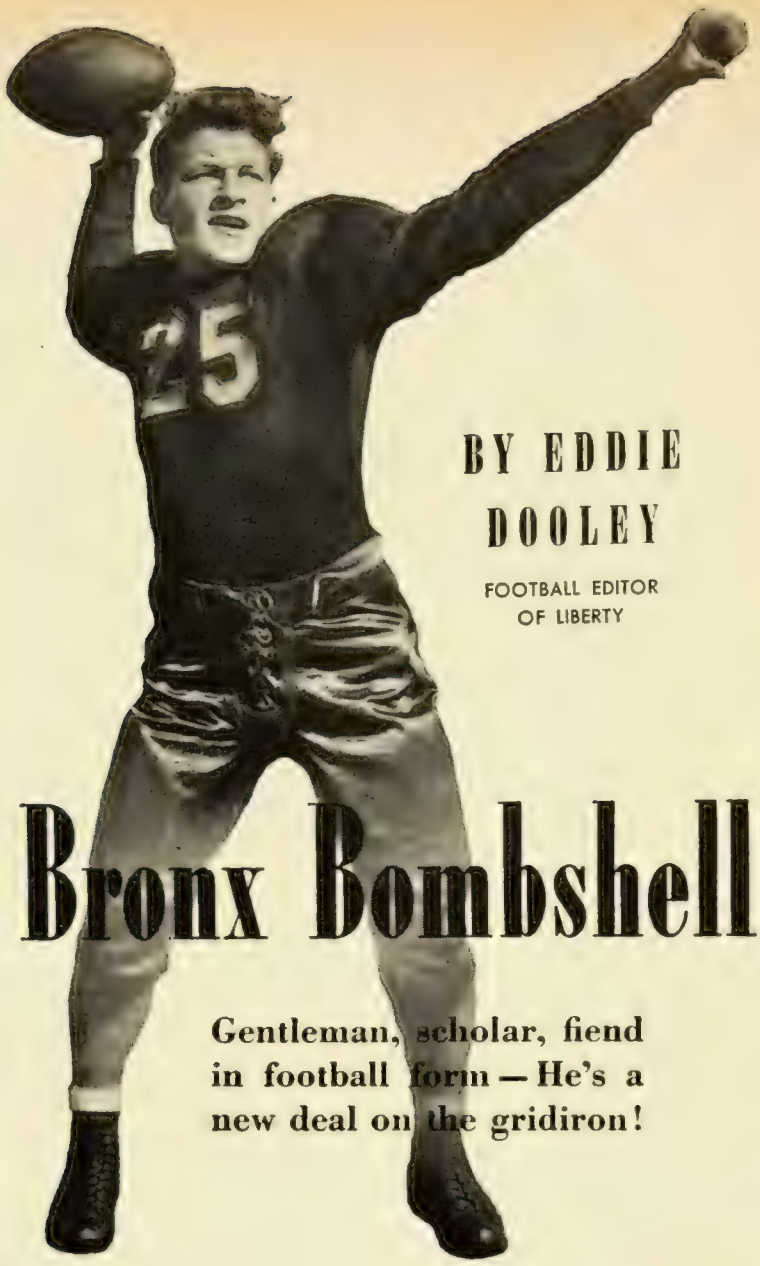

The Bronx Bombshell

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Gentleman, scholar, fiend in football form — He's a new deal on the gridiron!

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

☆ OUTSTANDING among the brilliant backs of the season is Steve Filipowicz, the Fordham fire hydrant, whose five feet eight inches of whipcord and muscle have the destructive force of 200 pounds of football dynamite. Added to this he has a buggy-whip arm that can toss a football clean out of the park.

Jim Crowley of Four Horsemen fame who coaches the Rams, knew he had a natural in Filipowicz the first day the freshman scrimmaged the varsity. Not only did he shatter the big varsity line with the power of his plunges, but he showed more football savvy on attack and defense than Crowley had seen since Ernie Nevers stood 'em on their ears for Stanford.

"If he doesn't kill himself hitting a line, or knock himself out permanently with one of those tackles," said Crowley, "I think we're going to be set next year, so far as the fullback job is concerned." That he was right is best appreciated by recalling that in the spring practices, Crowley not only gave Filipowicz the call for the varsity post but actually reconstructed his offense so it revolved completely around him.

Plays that ordinarily went past the fullback like a night freight through a swamp, now swung directly from him. Cross-bucks, reverses, and end sweeps that formerly ignored him, now depended on him for motivation. It was a new deal for Fordham, and it worked out beautifully.

When the first test came last season in the opening game with West Virginia, the Fordham fullback lived up to expectations. Not only did the raw sophomore drive through for two of the three touchdowns, but for fifty-eight of the sixty minutes he dominated the field.

During the season Filipowicz never missed a signal, seldom missed a tackle, and needed a time-out only once, when he accidentally dived into the water bucket and couldn't get his head out.

When Fordham beat Pittsburgh 24 to 12, it was Flip who bulled through the snow-covered Panther linemen and scored the touchdown that assured victory.

In the eight games he played in 1940 against some of the toughest teams in the country, Flip tallied seven touchdowns. His average gain for running and passing was 4.55 yards. But figures in football tell only half the story. Every time he took the ball back to pass, he caused mental paralysis in the defending backs. They didn't know whether he'd whip the ball half the length of the field or angle a sharp bullet pass off to the wing.

Much of his value comes in being used as a decoy and making possible the long jaunts of his fellow backs. When he feigns possession he does so in a manner that is most deceptive. When he carries the ball, you're never sure he isn't faking.

Filipowicz also made the dean's list —an academic distinction at Fordham—a fact indicative of his mental qualifications.

Fordham athletic authorities have had many a smile about the way he filled out his athletic questionnaire. One line says: "List the sports engaged in at high school." Flip wrote: "Football." This despite the fact he is a baseball player with a batting eye that has the big-league scouts hiking up to the Bronx regularly to see him play; and a track athlete who can sling the javelin about as far as any one must to take a medal in college competition.

To those coaches who believe in teaching football by means of the blackboard instead of the scrimmage (not the Fordham way, incidentally), Flip's record of durability should prove enlightening. Throughout high school and college, until this year, he never was injured seriously enough to warrant keeping him on the bench. Yet he never spares himself on a play.

It was Stout Steve's superb play against N. Y. U. that won for Fordham its Cotton Bowl invitation last fall. In that one-sided game he blasted his way to three touchdowns and passed twenty yards to Jim Lansing for a fourth. He was by far the outstanding player on the field.

Fordham's hopes of getting another Bowl invitation this year rest directly on Flip's broad back. Take him out of the Ram backfield and its attacking power would be cut 40 per cent.

Filipowicz has one ambition and one pet gripe: He looks forward to the play that will put him on the receiving rather than sending end of a forward pass, and to the time when he can do the punting.

Fordham's kickers usually boot the ball out of a pocket formed by the fullback and halfback standing close together in a crouched position. Even though Filipowicz can kick, the protection he offers a punter is so good that Crowley is reluctant to change the situation.

As for catching a pass, that's comparatively easy. With backs like Blumenstock and Andrejco around to toss the leather, the chances are Filipowicz will slip downfield many times this year to snag the ball.

THE END

A Triumph for Morse

BY BIDE DUDLEY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

☆ OLD Jim Thompson, on his way to his job as messenger at the Holcomb Furniture Factory, stopped to chat with old George Martin, watchman at the railroad crossing on Main Street.

"Well, George," said Jim, with a smile, "I see they had to come back to it."

"Back to what?"

"Our old trade, lightnin' jerkin'! They're using three dots and a dash—the letter V—in their campaign for victory in the war."

"That's right, they are. I'll bet old man Morse is smiling in his grave."

"Yes, and Carnegie, Edison, and all those other old boys who worked the wires like we did before the telephone and teletype put us out of our jobs, are smiling, too. Yes, sir, it makes me think they'll never be able to write '30' on our old trade, George. Anyway, it won't die completely out while you and I are still here."

"I dunno, Jim! It's a machine age."

"True enough! But they had to come back to Morse for that three dots and a dash V, didn't they?"

"Sure did, Jim!"

Jim went to the factory and George to his work of tending the gates at the crossing. It was Saturday, and just before noon Jim had an errand to perform. He got into a company automobile and drove to the bank for the weekly payroll. A canvas bag containing $3,000 in currency was handed him after he had presented the check, and Jim ambled out of the building and stepped into the car. A thin, smooth-faced man of about thirty-five, wearing a black suit and a brown fedora hat, got in right behind him and slammed the door. Immediately Jim felt something hard poking into his ribs under his right shoulder.

"Watch your step," said the stranger in a low tone. "Get going, and be natural. Speak to your friends if you pass any. Head down this street and out of town. I'll bore you if you make a false move."

Jim suppressed an impulse to yell and, regaining his calm, started the car.

"Where am I taking you?" he asked.

"Never mind about that! Go over the railroad and past the factory. Keep on this road and when we're out of town put her up to sixty-five."

"O. K., mister! You're the doctor."

The car moved along at a moderate rate of speed. Several friends waved to Jim or called greetings, and he smiled and returned a cheery "Hello!" to each. At the moment he could think of nothing better to do than obey orders. As they neared the railroad crossing the gates came down. A freight train was approaching.

"Hell!" growled the bandit. "This would have to happen. Sit quiet! Act natural!"

The train rumbled along slowly for three or four minutes and came to a stop. The last car and the caboose were exactly on the crossing. The bandit scowled.

"Give 'em the horn!" he commanded. "Give 'em plenty of it!"

Jim did. The horn tooted variously. A wait of several minutes ensued. "Give 'em the horn again!" grunted the bandit. Once more Jim obeyed, and about that time the train moved. As the caboose passed them the gates went up and away sped the automobile. For fifteen minutes Jim and the bandit rode in silence. Then the latter spoke:

"Ten more miles and I'll let you out!"

"O. K., mister!"

At Barton's Corners, six miles along, a traffic light, suspended over the intersection of the road and another highway, turned red.

"Shall I go through it?" asked Jim.

"No! Act natural, I told you," So Jim stopped the car.

From behind hedges both to the right and left came four uniformed men, each holding a rifle.

"Put 'em up!" yelled one. "Up—the both of you!"

Jim obeyed; so did the bandit. And the four state policemen closed in, each with his rifle ready for action.

"Get out of there, Jim!" commanded the captain. "We may have to shoot." Jim tumbled out of the car and quickly stepped off to one side. "All right, mister!" said the captain to the bandit. "You're next!"

The man obeyed, and was disarmed and shackled. The captain turned to another cop. "Get in with Jim and this guy, Tom," he said. "Keep a gun on the boy in black. We're all going back to town."

The bandit resumed his place in the front seat, Jim again took the wheel, and the cop sat behind. The hold-up was over.

"Good work, George!" said Jim, when they met after the excitement had died down around the jail. "I knew you'd get that old three dots, dot space dot, three dots when I tooted 'em on the horn at the crossing. You worked quick, too."

"I sure did," replied George. "When I heard that S O S in Morse coming from your horn, I says to myself, 'Jim's in trouble.' The rest was easy. I just grabbed my telephone and told the cops ahead to be looking for you."

Jim smiled. "These modern inventions may be all right," he said, "but gimme good old Morse. You just can't beat it for real service."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"He held me up. He had cut the telephone wires, so I could do nothing."

ILLUSTRATOR HERMAN BISCHOFF

To play a part, avenge a memory, and help a friend—what actor could ask for more?

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

☆ THE bus to Hollandtown left the county seat at sundown, well loaded, and was soon bowling along the highway and past the fine dairy farms, orchards, and groves that made the Hollander section one of the most beautiful in the Valley. It was best of all at this hour, with the coolness from the timbered hills pushing back the heat of day and the shadows lengthening across the green meadows.

Derek Van Dyn sat in the front seat, opposite and a little back of the driver. He had the window open, and he leaned back, enjoying the air billowing by, his eyes half closed and his thin nostrils quivering. It was his first trip back to the Valley in ten years, only his fourth or fifth in thirty years, but always it was as though it were only yesterday that he had left. It was the smell of the countryside that was most heart-warming: orchards and clover and kale and the indescribable goodness that springs from rich, deep soil.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead," he thought, and repeated the rest of it to himself, smiling a little. But there was a hardness under his smile, like the metal of a glittering shield. . . . And on the other hand—no sentiment. We came to levy tribute, not to sing Hark, Hark! the Lark. Never forget that, Mynheer Van Dyn.

He had taken the front seat to avoid notice. He had watched the other passengers getting on, and there were old-timers among them. Hollanders never forget. Time was when he had enjoyed running a bluff with these simple folk: casual mention of glittering triumphs on the stage—"The Great Van Dyn, Man of Many Faces"; hints of huge success in the carnival world, of big winnings at the races and in cosmopolitan gambling dens.

The act would be worn thin now. He was returning to the Valley broke, as usual, looking for a soft touch. Why make any bones about it? Softest touch would be industrious, uncomplaining young Bill Haag. It could not be otherwise. Bill's father before him—Sam Haag, Derek's boyhood pal, dead these five years past—had been a rock in many a storm. Sam would have given his last shirt to a friend. Son Bill was surely a chip off the old dependable block.

The Vandervelden forty crept by in the deepening dusk. T. Green would be next, then Rue Wedder. Derek sat up and patted his silvery, already immaculate hair. He put on his hat and adjusted it at a rakish angle. It had been a good hat once, just as his threadbare tweeds still had a well tailored air. He looked into the windshield ahead and his dim reflection—thin-lipped, finely chiseled, aristocratic—looked back at him blandly.

He leaned over to the driver. "The next corner, please." The driver nodded. Derek looked out again, watching the Rue Wedder place drift by.

The Wedder farm had been huge in the beginning, and it had spread out like an octopus through the years. The main farm buildings crept up on the right, partly hidden by the moss-hung orchard. They were remindful of Rue Wedder himself, those apple trees: squat, truculent, thick-limbed. . . . Old Rue Wedder. Time was when Derek Van Dyn, Sam Haag, and Rue Wedder had been the storm center of more than one scandal in the neighborhood. He, Derek, had been called "Slicker" in those days, an undignified nickname. Genial Sam Haag had been his right-hand man. Rue Wedder's gorilla strength had been useful when the fighting began. Slicker and Sam and Rue.

That was long ago. Few in the Valley knew what had broken up their unchartered brotherhood. It had ended on the day that Greta Verdieren—laughing, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked Greta—had weighed the three "wild ones" in the balance and had chosen Sam Haag. That simple gesture had molded three destinies. It had brought happiness to Greta and Sam, though they had lived and died in poverty. It had made Rue Wedder a power in the Valley: grasping, implacable, living only for more land, more wealth. It had sent him, Derek, out to the boulevards and alleys of the world, to its palaces and flophouses, its empty rewards and lonely, formidable trails.

And still—Derek reaffirmed this resolutely—it was not sentiment that

The Great Van Dyn

was bringing him back. Greta and Sam were gone. With them had been buried all the loyalties and affections of the past. Only son Bill was waiting up yonder, at the end of the loneliest trail of all: the one that others called home-coming.

The bus rolled to a halt. The driver set out Derek's two bags: an ancient Gladstone that still bore the faded legend, "The Great Van Dyn," and a small black grip. Then the bus went on and Derek headed up the dirt road that led westward toward the hills.

Night was full-grown now, with lights twinkling here and there across the Valley floor and the radiance of the rising moon strengthening in the east. Bill's cabin topped the first ridge ahead, a long half mile away and most of it uphill. Derek hated walking and the bulging Gladstone was heavy. It was stuffed with professional "props" and a few treasured symbols of past glory: his actor's make-up box; scrapbooks filled with press notices and theater handouts; medicine-show paraphernalia, including the shell-game layout, loaded dice, and what not for the back-tent trade. Why carry this assorted junk up that long half mile? He wasn't even staying overnight at Bill's; just a quick touch, a casual "loan," a quick getaway on the last bus returning to the county seat.

He soon found a place to cache his load. A road crew had been clearing the right of way of brush and stumps. The stumps smoldered here and there in the gloom but the brush heaps had not been fired, waiting for the first rain. He thrust the bags into one of these brush heaps, rearranged the foliage about them, and strode on.

The cabin was in silhouette against the stars. No light shone there, and it occurred to Derek belatedly that Bill might not even be home tonight. Bill was young. This was Saturday night, midsummer, with a full moon in prospect. But it made no difference. If Bill were gone he, Derek, would simply make himself at home and wait.

He looked up at a certain ridge at his left and raised his hat in graceful salute, though he was alone on a giant, empty stage. Yet one was never truly alone in the Valley on a night like this. Memories walked at one's elbow. On that ridge he had told Sam and Greta good-by. He had taken a snapshot of Greta: a gorgeous pose. She had been leaning against the split-rail fence, her face upturned to the smiling spring sky. She had been smiling, too, at some wisecrack timed for the purpose; her lips parted, her hair blown back, the fair curves of her body molded by the pressing wind. It had been his last glimpse of Greta, except in dreams.

He came to the gate. As he studied the cabin, a stone's throw beyond, he was touched by his first true uneasiness. The creak of rusty hinges rang in the night. There were none of the sounds common to a farm home at dusk: the stamping of horses, the muttering of hens on their roosts, the puffing of cows settling down. Utter quiet was abroad.

Then he saw a man sitting on the porch step, elbows on knees, his cigarette glowing like a red somber eye in the gloom. It was Bill. At once Derek's apprehensions vanished. Bill was here; the rest of the sequence could take care of itself.

"Well, well, Bill!" he greeted jauntily. "How are you, my boy?"

Bill peered at him. Then he said, in the quaint Hollander dialect, "So, it is you, Derek?" He held out his hand but did not get up. He was heavier, more mature, as square-jawed and rugged as Sam had been, though less cheerful.

"Sit down." He made room on the edge of the porch.

Derek seated himself restfully and took off his hat. He tested the porch with his fingertips. There was no dust, so he set his hat down beside him and leaned against a post.

They made the usual talk. Bill asked Derek where he had been traveling recently and how he was getting along. Terrible, Derek told him; he had been living like a sea gull. He had passed through storms but his wings were still spread to the sky. And how were things in the Valley?

All the while Derek was studying Bill. He borrowed Bill's tobacco sack and papers presently and rolled a cigarette. By the flare of the match he saw Bill's face, a picture of passive, hopeless despair. On the porch near by was a big waterproof knapsack, buckled and ready for travel. It was the kind that loggers used when they went up to the camps.

It looked bad. To put Bill at his ease, to soften him up, Derek debated using the Hollander dialect. It would be easy to do. The dialect had been a gold mine in the old vaudeville days. There had been a skit called Yokel's Paradise that had bowled them over. He had been a little ashamed about it at first—it had made him feel like a traitor to make fun of his own people—but the box office had soon made up for that. . . . He decided against it. It might seem phony to Bill. An appearance of sincerity always paid dividends.

"What's the trouble, Bill? Surely you're not going back to the woods?"

"Yes. They pay good wages. I leave tonight."

"But where are all your cows, horses, and such?"

"I sold them, only yesterday. Thirty-five fine cows and a registered bull. And the horses and pigs and chickens. Van Dumelin of Mountaindale is spreading out, and he paid me in cash." Bill tapped his bulging hip. "I have it here."

Derek sat up at once. "Bill, my boy! *Cash?*"

"Yes. Three thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars. That includes all that I have saved also."

"My word!" Derek breathed. "How fortunate for both of us! I mean to say—this is embarrassing no end—that I'm at rock bottom, desperate. I must have a front: new clothes and what not. If you could spare me a modest loan—one hundred dollars, say—"

Bill shook his head regretfully. "I am very sorry. Rue Wedder is waiting for this cash, and when he is paid there will be nothing left. Then I have until midnight to catch the logging truck that goes to camp. So I have been sitting here, thinking. It is not good to think such thoughts. . . . Did you ever kill a man, Derek?"

"Many times," said Derek—"on the stage. In real life—no, though the idea has crossed my mind on an occasion or two. It's quite messy, I understand. Sometimes, when you think the job's done, they wriggle."

"I am not joking," said Bill somberly. "When I give this money to Rue Wedder I am also giving him all my hope, which is life. I do not owe him this money. Still, I must pay. . . . It is not right."

"Right?" said Derek, smiling a little. "Ah, yes—right. . . . But come, tell me about it. Whence this urge to polish off my old friend Rue?"

"It is a long story. I do not like to bother you."

"Nonsense!" said Derek warmly. He meant it. The fat roll in Bill's hip pocket was both a promise and a challenge. "Proceed, my boy."

"There are not many to whom I can talk," Bill admitted. "There is only you, who were friend to my father so long, and my lawyer, who tells me

there is no hope whatever. And Tina."

Derek hid his mild impatience. Of course there would be a Tina in the picture. "She's a buxom rosy-cheeked lass, no doubt?"

"And a good cook also," said Bill, hunching his shoulders a little, "and kind, and very patient. We have been engaged six years already, since she was fifteen. That is what I meant—"

"Yes, yes," said Derek. "No money, no prospects—no Tina. It's not a unique dilemma. Biology and economics are constantly at each other's throats in these troubled times. . . . But come—your dealings with Rue."

Bill inhaled deeply on his cigarette, then dropped it and ground it under his heel. He looked eastward, toward the Valley, chin resting on his hands. The Rue Wedder place was below, across the highway, the house and buildings like a dark shadow on the Valley floor. Only one light twinkled in the rambling house, in the north wing.

☆ BILL said, without emotion, "Nine years ago, when times were worse yet, Rue Wedder came to my father and said, 'They have got me, Sam. I am spread out too thin. And still, if I could have a little more, I could save all that I have. You will try to raise three thousand dollars and loan it to me, please? I will give you my note for security.'"

"H'm-m," said Derek. "A rather large bite, under the circumstances. Sam and Rue were quite friendly?"

"At my mother's funeral," said Bill, "it was Rue Wedder who stayed at the grave with my father and me, after the others had gone. I was only eight, but I remember it well. It was the first time I had seen men like my father and Rue Wedder cry. There were tears in Rue Wedder's eyes and rolling down his cheeks."

"H'm-m," said Derek. He, too, remembered that day, sixteen years ago. Sam's wire had overhauled him in southern Illinois, more than two thousand miles away: a one-night stand in "Egypt." He thought: *A tougher citizen than Rue Wedder shed tears that night, m'lad.*

"That made it worse, even," said Bill. "Rue pretended to be friends all those years, and then . . . But I will take it as it came. To raise this three thousand, my father went to the county seat and borrowed it from the Valley Land & Loan. To get that much he had to give a land and chattel mortgage. Then he gave the money to Rue and Rue gave him his note as security."

"Chattel? It covered the cows and horses, too?"

"Yes. But my father had no fears about Rue. You know how he was with his friends. He was not worried when the first year passed and he must pay interest on the mortgage. The second year, the Valley Land & Loan wrote my father that they no longer had the mortgage. They had transferred it with other investments to Rue Wedder."

"Ah!" said Derek. "The pay-off is looming through the mist. But go on."

"My father went to Rue, and Rue said, 'Yes, I have the mortgage, Sam, and you can dismiss it from your mind. Here is the interest you paid last year.' So he paid the interest to my father in cash. Then he said, 'Now you owe me three thousand and I owe you three thousand. So we're square. Except that I will never forget the favor you have done me, Sam.' My father said, 'That is all right, Rue. But should we not tear up the mortgage and the note?' And Rue said, 'No, because I want to keep this mortgage in my safe and look at it once in a while. It is proof that I have at least one friend that trusted me. And you can keep my note among your souvenirs.'"

"Good," Derek murmured. "A touching sentiment."

"It was not sentiment, however. After my father was gone I began to worry about that mortgage. So I went to Rue, to ask him to write across it that it was paid in full, and I would do the same with the note. But he put me off. And suddenly, this spring, when all the cows were paid for, and Tina and I had begun to plan—"

"I know," said Derek. "Rue served notice of foreclosure. When you mentioned Sam's note he laughed—a belly laugh—and advised you to see an attorney. You did so and discovered that the note was worthless. Why? It had gone unpaid too long, beyond the statutory limit of seven years. But the year's interest your father paid had kept the mortgage alive. So Rue's mortgage was still good but your note wasn't. Correct?"

"That is correct." Bill peered at him in surprise. "It was a scheme from the first. But how did you know?"

☆ DEREK shrugged. "Perhaps I understand a mind like Rue's." He rose and looked thoughtfully toward the Valley floor. "Let's consider this, Bill. There's always a loose end somewhere. . . . You'll have to pay, of course. Tonight is the dead line." He glanced at Bill. "You're not really toying with that murderous impulse? It was just a gesture of revolt, eh?"

"I suppose so. No, it would do no good. It was only that—"

"Ha!" said Derek. "That deal with Van Dumelin. . . . Bill, haven't you sold the cattle and horses covered by the chattel?"

"That is true. But I have the full amount of the mortgage and interest in cash, so there can be no complaint. Rue does not believe I can raise it."

"H'm-m." Derek stroked his jaw, squinting up at the glittering sky. "Bill, d'ye have Sam's note with you? Let's have it."

Bill brought out his bulging wallet and got out the note. Derek took it and smoothed it out, turning so that the full light of the moon was on it.

"I've got an idea, Bill. Listen. A night like this is made for sentiment. Auld lang syne—and all that. So I'm going down to Rue's with this note. I'll try to persuade him to honor it, worthless though it may be at law. You're done for as it is, eh?"

"It will be no use," said Bill. "Still, you could try it once."

"Good." Derek took out his own wallet, which was as bulging as Bill's. It contained no currency; only old personal treasures. He tucked the note in. "Now stay right here, my boy. Give me two hours. If I'm not back by that time, consider that I've failed and go down and pay over his blood money. It's a long shot, of course."

QUESTIONS 20

Gregory Pinquetea, our question expert, scored a perfect twenty right on this quiz. "Of course, everybody can't be that good," he admitted. "But if you get under twelve right, you're a flunkie."

1—What expert in guerrilla warfare was known as the "Swamp Fox," and for whom did he fight?

2—What is the peculiar characteristic of the harvest moon which sets it apart from other moons?

3—Which is the longest single river in the world?

4—According to the American system of counting, what term follows in order after million, billion, trillion, and how many zeros does that figure contain?

5—How many times has the United States Congress issued what might be called "declarations of war"?

6—A batter struck at a ball for the third strike. He missed, but the ball curved in and hit him. Is he out, or should he be sent to first base because he was hit by a pitched ball?

7—What literary character, whose name is used to describe a type of prude, never actually appears in the play which made her name famous?

8—What city was called the "Mother of Books"?

9—One of the most famous husbands of the nineteenth century is perhaps remembered best today by a coat which bears his name. What type of coat is it?

10—How can you tell which side of a river is the "right bank"?

11—Is there any truth to the legend that you will get a wart if you hold a toad in your hand?

12—Sailors in America's navy are getting a lot of boneless beef for their meat courses. Can you figure out why officials decided to have the meat boneless?

13—Can you name the Presidents of the United States who have served two complete terms?

14—Is a katydid an animal, bird, or insect, and why is it so called?

15—By what other name is the Statue of Liberty sometimes known?

16—What three famous American actors have played the leading role in picture versions of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

17—Which is the larger—the United Kingdom or Texas?

18—Phonographs and telegraphs are familiar to all of us, but what are airgraphs?

19—How long have fingerprints been used as a means of identification?

20—What famous American writer died in poverty, largely because he gave away much of his money to individuals similar to the heroes of his own books?

(*Answers will be found on page* 52)

He put on his hat briskly, then hesitated. "There's one minor detail—I hate to intrude the thought—"

"It is all right," said Bill. "That is understood. Anything you can save I will split with you."

"Oh, no," said Derek. "No, indeed. Just a hundred dollars, Bill."

☆ HE strode blithely down the dirt road, past the smoldering stumps and down to the corner of the highway. He turned right there, heading for Rue Wedder's, and soon turned in at Rue's gate, into the shadow of the orchard. A dog barked in the throaty way that meant business, so Derek picked up a substantial limb from some old prunings beside the lane and went on. The dog came at him, bristling like a wolf, and Derek kept him away with the club. It was like Rue to have a dog like that.

The uproar brought Rue to the door of his den. He stood there, outlined against the light: short and powerful and potbellied. He was entirely bald now, after thirty years, and his neck had almost disappeared. Still, he was the old Rue, planted there.

"Get away from there!" he told the dog. "Down, you! Who is it?" Then he recognized Derek at once. He was not very pleased. "Well—it is old Slicker. Come in, Slicker."

"Van Dyn, if you please," Derek corrected. "How are you, Rue old cabbage?"

Rue did not offer his hand but led the way inside. It was a small room, and crowded. Rue sat down at an old roll-top desk and Derek took a single chair near by. A big safe stood against the opposite wall. Old harness hung here and there, and rusty tools stood in the corner, cobwebbed and dusty.

They sat and looked at each other warily, like two gray wolves whose trails have crossed before, long ago. One light hung over the desk: it shone on Rue's bald head and made the pouches under his eyes seem more sagging. His chin was tucked in—Rue was always braced for trouble, trusting nobody—and it made a big roll of fat stand out.

Derek smiled suddenly. "At ease, Rue. Your moneybags are safe. Where are all your crew? The house seems strangely quiet."

"Gone to town," said Rue. "It is Saturday night and they are spending their money like fools. What do you want from me, Van Dyn?"

"Bluntly put," Derek approved. "We understand each other at once. . . . I just came from Bill Haag's. He told me about your mortgage-and-note deal. It was neat, mighty neat. I speak with authority."

"Thank you," said Rue, watching him. "I try to struggle along, making hay here and there. And then what?"

"But very crude, Rue. What will the neighbors think?"

"You did not come here to discuss the neighbors," said Rue. "And I will tell you at once that if you expect any hay from this business—so much

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as a blade of grass—you are out of luck. Your pasture has dried up."

"My pasture?"

"I have watched you gouging Sam all these years," said Rue. "Do not think I am blind. Now you are back, hoping to fatten off Bill. But you have been playing for marbles, my friend. I play the long game."

"You embarrass me," said Derek. "Still, a spade is a spade, I suppose. . . . But, Rue, admitting that we both have grudges to support—interest, as it were, on stolen treasure—haven't you gone a bit far here? You're wallowing in money. You don't need land. Where is your percentage in wiping out Bill entirely?"

☆ "I WILL tell you my percentage. You are the only one who will understand. . . . Greta has been gone now these many years. Sam is gone. I had him, but he died before I could close my fist. Only Bill is left."

"Greta's son."

"Sam Haag's son," said Rue heavily. "That is enough for me. So I will break him. I will wipe him out. I will send him to the camps, with his hands in his pockets only. . . . But that is not the good interest. I will tear down the line fence so that there will no longer be a Sam Haag forty. It will be a part of my land, poor and steep as it is. Then comes the best of all. I will tear down that cabin, board by board, with my own hands. I will build a fire. And I will watch them burn."

Derek stared at him, his eyebrows arching a little. "Really, old pal! I've some capacity for hate myself. I never wallow in it. Those beloved walls that once echoed to Greta's song, the pattering footsteps of a child at play—and all that?"

"I will watch them burn," said Rue, "until there are only ashes left. . . . And will you tell me where there is a percentage for Derek Van Dyn in this private business?"

"Yes," said Derek. He stroked his jaw. "Yes. . . . Because, Rue, hasn't it even occurred to you that Bill might have raised the money?"

"He does not raise that much. Not in these times. I saw him in town yesterday. He is like a young rooster caught in a very bad hailstorm."

"That was yesterday. He has it today: three thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars."

Rue lowered his head a little. "In cash?"

"Cash. Ducats. Coin of the realm. He sold every cow, horse, and hog on the premises to make up the ante. The buyer was some optimist named Van Dumelin of Mountaindale, I believe. At any rate, he has it. He'll be down shortly to pay you off. He's broke—cleaned—but he keeps the land—including that delightful cabin."

Rue stared at him without winking. Fine points of perspiration glistened on his bullet head, though the night was cool and pleasant. "He cannot do that! He cannot give Van Dumelin a legal bill of sale, because the livestock is mortgaged, too. . . . And still, since he is bringing the full amount that is due . . ."

"The wheels are moving," Derek approved. "Now for a little more oil. . . . In addition to getting your clutches on Bill's land and cabin, you'd also like to see him behind bars? You'd even pay for the privilege, perhaps?"

Rue stared at him in silence, it being his habit to think twice always. But he could also think fast. "So . . . he has sold livestock that he does not legally own. If he does not get here with the money—if, on the way down—"

"Exactly. It's a half mile down to the highway, a lonely road. You don't want the money. You want him behind bars. You want the cabin and the land. I, on the other hand—"

"And if he claimed that he was held up," said Rue, nodding, "it is only an excuse. He is done for. . . . Yes, that is better and better. Afterwards, we could divide the money—"

"Not so fast," Derek warned. "No split. I'm not playing for marbles here."

"Very well," said Rue unwillingly. "It is worth it, at all events." Something like respect was in his heavy-lidded eyes. "You will hold him up yourself?"

"I?" Derek pursed his lips. "Oh, no. I've turned an honest penny in many ways—never by highway robbery. That requires an expert. Fortunately I've an expert in mind." He rose up, rubbing his hands together. "Come, loan me your car, Rue. There's no time to be lost."

"My car?"

"To dash down to Hollandtown. There was a gorilla on the bus, a redheaded furtive-eyed lad dressed like a farmhand. I recognized him—no matter how, since there are chapters in my life that must remain closed even to you, old pal. The point is, he's down at the village, lying low. I'm sure of it. I'll find him in one of the beer halls. I'm sure I can make satisfactory arrangements with him. Whatever job he has in mind will be trivial compared to this. . . . But let's hurry along."

☆ "VERY well." Rue got up, jingling his keys doubtfully. "Only, remember, if anything goes wrong—"

"Nonsense," said Derek. "The worst that can happen is that I can't find my redheaded cutthroat in time. Then Bill would arrive here safely and you'd have to accept his money. A frightful predicament." He spoke with sternness: "I'm the lad who's fighting uphill, sir. Sentiment plagues me. You and I were both friends of Sam Haag. If I weren't desperate—"

"Do not weaken," Rue urged hurriedly. "Come, let's go."

"Chain up that dog," said Derek. "He annoys me."

"I will put him in the root house," Rue promised. "We will hear no more peeps out of him."

Derek got into the car and backed it out of the shed. He drove down the lane, leaving Rue standing there,

watching from the door of his office, and went roaring down the highway toward Hollandtown.

☆ TWO hours passed, then two hours and a half. The moon was high in the southern sky—it was almost eleven—when Derek turned the car into Rue's lane again, and rolled up through the orchard. Rue was standing at the door with a shotgun in his hand. He shouted something, but Derek drove on by and put the car in the shed.

He came out again and walked directly toward Rue. "Put that gun down, man. I'm all alone." It was not often that Derek let his voice sound short-tempered and impatient. "Rue, I've been double-crossed in most damnable fashion. That redheaded, half-witted ape made a fool out of me. Not many have done it."

Rue backed up and Derek followed him in. Rue did not put the gun down; he stood, gripping it tightly. He was breathing hard.

"So, Derek?" He spoke almost gently. "You have been double-crossed?"

"To the king's taste," said Derek. He leaned against the door, got out his handkerchief and mopped his face, "Listen—and laugh. But not too loudly, old pal. Not with too much enjoyment. There are limits. . . . I dashed down to the village and located this redheaded moron. I explained the deal to him. I planted him in the orchard. Then I waited at our agreed rendezvous down the highway. But my helper didn't show up again. Why? Because, having got his clutches on Bill's roll, it obviously occurred to his perverted mentality: why split with me—with anybody? So he's gone, vanished. I waited a reasonable time—"

"Bah!" said Rue.

Derek looked at him with a very startled expression. "Pardon? Did you say something, Rue?"

"I said 'Bah!'" said Rue. "You can tell it to the judge, Derek."

"What d'ye mean?" Derek's handsome brows lowered a little and his lips thinned. "What are you gibbering about? You've got Bill where you want him. He's broke. He's ruined. I'm the lad—"

"Listen," said Rue. "I do not tell you what you do not know already. You do not pull the wool over my eyes, Derek Van Dyn. . . . Your man waited until Bill had paid me the mortgage money. *Then he held me up.*"

"No! Not really, Rue?"

"He held me up. He took the money. He swore he would shoot me if I left the house. He had cut the telephone wires, so I could do nothing. . . . He was your man. He had a big handkerchief around his face, but I could see his red hair. Do not stand there and tell me you are not in cahoots with him—that you had not planned it this way from the very first—"

"Wait," Derek cut in in a choked voice. He did not laugh!—one does not laugh into the mouth of a shotgun—but his face had swelled a little, too.

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"This is a horse on both of us. Mostly you, old pal!"

"It is so funny, then?"

"But of course. It also shames us. Because look, Rue. This redheaded, hard-bitten criminal was the only one who had compassion for Bill. And we pose as friends of Sam Haag! . . . It cost the lout nothing, true. With him the money was the thing—"

"It still is the thing," said Rue. "You will go out to the car, Derek. We go to see the sheriff."

"Oh, no." Derek grew stern at once. "No, Rue. You've failed to think this through. What business do we have with the sheriff? You agreed to the hold-up. You hired this redheaded hero as well as I. . . . H'm-m. I see. You want to give yourself up to the sheriff. On what charge? For conniving at your own hold-up? For agreeing, with malice aforethought, to cut your own throat? It has its points. . . ."

The veins swelled on Rue's forehead. He was a quick one, once it touched him. By agreeing in advance to the hold-up, he was equally guilty in the eyes of the law. Meanwhile the mortgage was satisfied. The money was gone even.

"Get out of here!" he burst forth suddenly. "I will take care of my own business, Derek Van Dyn. Get off this deeded ground—"

"With pleasure," said Derek. Rue was trembling. His thick finger on the trigger was trembling. This was no time for a curtain speech. "So long, old pal." He bowed and was gone.

He hurried up the highway and up the dirt road. Bill was just leaving the cabin. He met Derek just inside the gate and held up his hand.

"No, do not apologize, Derek. Do not feel badly. I knew you could do nothing with Rue."

"But I did do something with Rue," said Derek. "I worked on his better nature. I pleaded with him. In the end he paid the note. Look." He brought out the bulging roll. "It's all there. The note, of course, together with interest, totaled an exact thirty-nine hundred and sixty."

Bill took the money and looked at it. Then his knapsack dropped to the ground. His knees folded and he sat down, hunched over, turning the money over and over in his hands.

Derek took off his hat and stood erect, smiling down at Bill. Few moments on the stage had been as good as this. It was more than money that Bill held in his hands: it was his life and hope, Tina, his good cows, this good cabin, all the treasure that life holds for those whose trail, in the end, leads home. . . .

And still, time was on the wing. The last bus to the county seat was only twenty minutes away. Derek cleared his throat. "There's a detail, of course, Bill—it embarrasses me—"

"Here," said Bill, blinking and smiling at the same time. He held out the roll. "You will help yourself, please."

"Nonsense," said Derek. "No, Bill. Just a hundred. A temporary loan."

He strode down the dirt road alone. He came to the place where the stumps smoldered and got his bags out of the brush heap. He started on, then stopped. Better copper all bets, Mynheer Van Dyn, he thought. Who knows? He opened up the Gladstone and took out a red close-cropped wig, a blue bandanna handkerchief, a pair of faded jeans, and a hickory shirt. They had brought down the house more than once in the skit called Yokel's Paradise. He hated to part with them, but it had to be done.

"Good-by," he murmured, smiling. "*Adios,* you redheaded, soft-hearted, sentimental half-wit." He tossed them into the charred stump. They smoldered on the coals, then burst into flame.

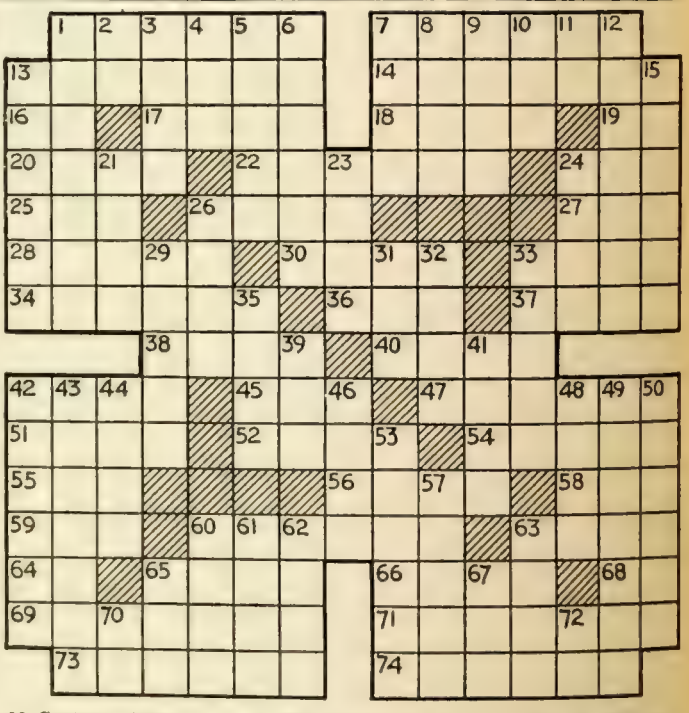
He got out his wallet in the good light. He got out Sam Haag's note—Rue Wedder's note—and a pen. He spread the note against his knee and wrote across the page with a flourish: "Late—but paid in full." He waved it until it was dry, then folded it carefully and put it back in the wallet. The hundred dollars was there, tucked in beside some ancient treasures: a faded telegram; a faded snapshot of a girl leaning against a split-rail fence, her face upturned; a lock of hair, fine as spun gold.

The fire had died again. Only coals were left. Derek stirred the embers with a stick so that even the pattern of the ashes was destroyed. Then he tossed in the stick, picked up his bags, and headed toward the highway.

THE END

Cockeyed Crosswords

By Ted Shane



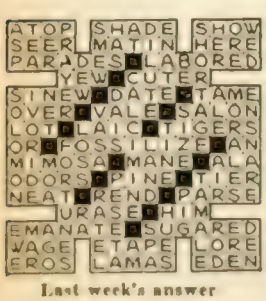
HORIZONTAL

1 Bottle-scarred members of the America Thirst Committee
7 You can count on this
13 It goes for a duck in midwinter
14 Great Bear, shines brightly in the T formation
16 Dough Mfg. Assn. (abbr.)
17 One of our beautiful dumb friends
18 Common trees in New England
19 Spit off the end of New York (abbr.)
20 Hardy fellow
22 Eskimo lollipop
24 A little jerk
25 Left end of right guard with nothing after him (abbr.)
26 Comic-strip wows!
27 Exiths
28 Inflated mills
30 Idol of Hindu millions
33 Vegetable you *can* get blood out of
34 What to hold a noble Turkish bath owner in
36 Illegal fun
37 Marries and divides by increasing the population by multiplication
38 An excellent thing for Lindbergh's mouth
40 Greeks wrote them with ease
42 Father Time's loving-cup handles
45 Lot's wife's nickname
47 Low-down arch heels walk under
51 What every actor wants
52 The speaker in the outfield
54 Long may this wave about Hawaiian women
55 This runs up trees and acts like a fool
56 Though backward, this will more than satisfy
58 This has more letters than the alphabet (abbr.)
59 Pretty girls who urge you to go buy-buy (abbr.; pl.)
60 This is silly
63 Jaloppy in war paint
64 Thith ith eth for the folkth who've lotht their hithers
65 Shin busters
66 A hunk of a dot
68 The Maine direction (abbr.)
69 South American liquid dynamite: two will knock you for a ghoul (pl.)
71 The scarcest thing in a household of twelve children and no window blinds
73 After four days these, like fish, smell terribly
74 Gashouse

VERTICAL

1 Old soaks, or your wife's indigent relatives
2 Overgrown Asses (abbr.)
3 Next to herself, what D. Lamour likes best
4 Sapitalists Invest Nothing (abbr.)
5 The Jekyll-Hyde R. R.
6 These make women like men
7 Hayseed flip-cracker
8 Cow's pop
9 What the role said to the ham
10 Cockeyed Krossword Solvers (Hurray for them!) (abbr.)
11 Cry of satisfaction
12 Tossed a handful at the general
13 What good men hard to find are
15 Dark days
21 Most hateful word in childhood
23 No. 1 Woman of Egypt
24 Most farmers used to be fit to be this
26 Hitler's mascot (Nature made an ass of it)
29 What Gypsy Rose Lee attends afternoons
31 Vot philosophic Chermans vant to know
32 Contrary insect
33 Cellar tenor
35 List authors prefer for their books
39 Ozark mother
41 They fly, keep cows, attend picnics, and fight the Reds
42 The biggest phony in Germany
43 Animal that roams the highways and drives people mad (two words)
44 The Swisscheese Mts.
46 This kind of tenant has private support
48 What $2 cornets and romantic playboys rarely are
49 The heart of the matter
50 Caesar's rival: killed, he had a pillar put under his head
53 Earns a bare living in burlesque
57 Hate, as Rastus does po'k
60 What we'd like to bury in Hitler's and Musso's heads
61 This turnip had a blood transfusion
62 Sissies have four of these
63 Island where they never sleep. This keeps 'em awake!
65 Washington's Honest Man
67 A rattling good roof
70 What Greek cows do
72 Churchill wears an 'ard hiron one

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Last week's answer

BLOOD OF THE DRAGON—Continued from Page 15

At the moment when it happened, looking at her, the Irish in him, the intuition of his Celtic race, argued with him again, and now with profound conviction, that here was a girl whom he could trust. Yet Simpson trusted no one. And she, looking at him, told herself that she was drawn to this man as by a magnet; that he was a man of great power, with his jutting jaw and the strength of his mouth, yet of a power tempered by the queer softness of his gray eyes.

She drew in her breath. Her glance met his squarely, with no evasion.

He held out his cigarette case.

"Care for one?"

She looked up amazed; she tried not to like him—then she helped herself.

He lit her cigarette.

"Chinese lady smoking," he said. "Quite Americanized, aren't you? Tell me—how do you feel about chewing gum and ice-cream sodas and apple pie and swing music? And what do you think of the Brooklyn Dodgers?"

Light queries, just to bridge the silence and make conversation—on the face of it. But to him it meant more than the mere, casual, frivolous, rather inane words; and—he wondered—perhaps to her, too? Would her subtle Oriental mind find the hidden challenge—and accept it?

"I am Americanized." She spoke with deliberation. "I—I admire America. Now tell me why you came here?"

"I'm a United States government agent."

"A detective?"

"That's the idea! Here! There's no need to be frightened!"

Hand at throat, she went to the bed and stared off as if into a nightmare.

"Thanks," she said huskily. "I will do my best to believe you. What do you want?"

"Just—I want to be *sure* you like America."

"I like it—like everything about it."

"Why?"

"I was brought up by American missionaries. Am studying at an American university. America has taught me—many things."

"I see." He smiled. "A matter of gratitude. That it?"

She flared up then.

"Gratitude!" she exclaimed. "What a cheap reason for liking—deep, deep liking, and more than liking!"

His smile broadened. Oh, yes—he thought—she had read, and accepted, the hidden challenge.

"Is there," he inquired, "another reason?"

"Something in my heart." Her voice throbbed with deep earnestness. "In my heart and in my brain. Something—it is so very hard to express—for which America stands. . . ."

"Maybe," he suggested, "the same something which China stands for?"

"What name do you give that?"

"A trite name, yet a rare thing. We call it decency."

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, yes. . . ."

He walked up close to her.

"And yet," he went on, "you know certain — ah — certain words." He quoted: "*Pi fung chin san ngo t'ai ha —mo hai, san ch'u ming yat t'ai loi. . . .*"

She gave a start; pulled herself together.

"You"—she asked—"now you are being the policeman—the detective?"

"Something like it."

"And—you know Chinese?"

"Passably well."

"Then perhaps you understand the proverb"—she spoke in her native language: "Even the wiliest fox goes at last to the shop of the furrier."

"A fox by the name of Nag Yat?"

She pressed out her cigarette. He gave her another.

Again their glances met squarely. Again, and stronger than before, was there the undercurrent of intimate sympathy.

"Suppose," he said, "you tell me."

"What?"

"Everything." He paused. "I know you want to kill him. And *you* know I won't let you."

"I know. This is America—"

"Part of my job. Can't let you break the law."

"And," excitedly, "do you think you—and the law—can ever stop me? Oh, yes, you can stop me today and tomorrow and the day after. But"—she clenched her fists—"the day will come—will surely come—when I . . ."

"Are back in China—deported—and Nag Yat still safely here in the good old U. S. A. You wouldn't like that."

Her eyes rolled unhappily and then she closed them as if knowing a paroxysm of cheated vengeance.

"I have lived for this night and you've cheated me out of it," she said bitterly.

"Perhaps not!" answered Simpson. His voice was sharp, full of meaning.

"Don't play cat and mouse."

"No, no! It is true. I do know about your passport. I *am* a government agent. But I don't wish you any harm. I want you to help me, and I want to help you. I want to make you a sporting proposition—as to which of us hates Nag Yat the more. Are you game?"

She stamped her foot.

Simpson chuckled, not unkindly, for in the intensity of her youthful defiance he saw the whole earnestness of her soul.

"Look here," he went on. "I'm on your side. I'll help you—legally. But you've got to cut out the melodrama. And first I want to know—what have you *got* against Nag Yat?"

The very matter-of-factness of his words won her. She motioned to a chair; she sat on a little stool, and—as the detective patois has it—Li Su-Chang began to sing. That is to say, she began to talk, to tell, to pour out the whole tragic story. Tragic, too, the expression on her face as she recalled—could she ever forget?—how she had found the blade, the blade

which Simpson had watched her place on the altar; how the blade itself, from its steely bloodstained depths, had seemed to cry out to her, commanding her to kill. . . .

☆ THAT had been two years earlier. It had been vacation time, and, against the advice of American teachers who had foreseen what would be the fate of Shanghai, she had left the Yan-ling mission school and gone home to her parents, whose only child she was. She had got there on the afternoon of the opening Japanese bombardment; had been met, as her ricksha rolled along the crooked alleys, by strange and terrible sounds —a zooming and droning as of a million angry wasps, a huge *crash-crash-crash,* and the next moment, an immense protesting rumble as the walls of a great Lamaic temple came shattering down.

Then a plume of inky acrid smoke shooting up to the zenith. A rain of steel splinters. And her ricksha coolie, turning to speak to her, perhaps with comforting words, opening his lips wide in an astonished idiotic kind of grin. A second later he crumpled in the dirt of the road—a tiny scarlet spot showing on his blue tunic and then spreading rapidly to a blackish ooze.

The ricksha fell sideways. And she remembered how she jumped out. Remembered how, with a thousand others, men and women and children, she took refuge in flight, frightened to the core of her soul—running away at random, anywhere at all. Remembered the screams of the wounded as the blasting continued, varied by the throaty vicious bark of mortars, the deep, sonorous, fully rounded notes of howitzers, a staccato *rat-tat-tat* as, from rooftops and windows, Chinese riflemen fired, hopelessly, pathetically, at a distant and invisible enemy.

☆ ALL this she remembered. Did not remember how, finally, she reached her parents' house on the outskirts of the city, miles away.

Peaceful she saw it, outside the bombardment zone—dreaming in the midst of a pleasant garden where anemone vied with lily and rose.

She ran up the front path.

"Mother!" she cried. "Father!"

No answer. Not even a servant pattering on felt-soled slippers. And there should have been many, since Li Hsiu, her father, was a famous scholar and mandarin, high in the councils of the Chinese government.

She wondered, feared.

Why the silence—the silence that held a chill, unclean horror . . .?

Then she heard a faint moaning. Swiftly she followed the sound and found in the inner courtyard, beside a miniature marble pagoda dedicated to ancestor worship, her father's headless body, with the head itself spiked on a tall pole that was stuck in the ground, and the face—so sweet she had always known it, so benign—twisted in most horrible agony. And she saw, a few feet away, her mother, Li Shuan, a dagger piercing her breast just below the heart.

The chill, clogging horror grew and bloated. She was close to madness.

Then, with a great effort, she controlled herself. She knelt by her mother's side, was about to pluck out the weapon. But, feebly, the dying woman shook her head.

"No," she whispered. "It is the end. But if you remove the blade I fear the end will come before I can speak to you—and I must . . ."

"Mother!"

Breathlessly, speaking against time, she told her daughter what had happened. How Chinese traitors in the Japanese pay, under the leadership of Lao Lum, the notorious black-turban war lord, had come to the house that morning and had tried to force her father to sign an agreement with the invaders. How the mandarin had refused steadfastly, though they had threatened him, had proceeded from threats to most unspeakable deeds—torturing him savagely, gouging out his eyes, cutting him with knives, pouring boiling oil into the wounds. But he, the gentle scholar, the brave patriot, would not betray his trust—until finally, suddenly, there had been a sword raised by brawny arms, coming swishing down, his head rolling on the ground like an overripe pumpkin; and the bandits, drunk with blood, turning on the dead man's wife who had stood there, staring stony-eyed at her husband—proud of him, so proud—for she was not a Chinese woman, clinging and timid, but a Manchu from the harsh north, descendant of iron-capped princes. . . .

Oh, yes. Kill her too!

But first . . .

"Bring her to me!" Lao Lum had laughed.

Coarse fists had grabbed her. But quickly she had seized a dagger from the waist shawl of one of the bandits and, before they could prevent it, had plunged it into her own breast.

"For," she said now to her daughter, her voice barely audible, "better red death than black shame. Yet death must be paid for—with death. It may not be the Buddha's way, nor your father's way—may his soul enjoy the exquisite delights of paradise! But it is the Manchu way. And I *am* Manchu —and you are *half* Manchu. And so for the sake of our ancient race"—her fingers plucked at the dagger—"take it—and—promise—promise me that with this weapon . . ."

"I promise, mother!"

"And I die happy. . . ."

So Li Su-Chang tore out the blade —the same blade which tonight, in her little room in the Bronx, she had placed on the altar. And she told Harland Simpson how she had hidden it in her loose sleeve and gone forth to seek for Lao Lum. Told him how hopeless the quest had been since, by this time, with more than one Chinese patriot thirsting for the war lord's blood, he had been ringed in by Japanese bayonets.

By the end of the year he had vanished completely, the talk of the water front, that clearinghouse for all gossip, being that he had gone to the United States on most secret and confidential business. Oh, yes! There was the law of the foreign barbarians which forbade a Mongol, unless he be an accredited diplomat or a student or an important merchant, to put foot on American soil. But then, said the same water-front gossip with malicious mirth, Japanese gold and Chinese guile could open many a door.

☆ LI SU-CHANG in the meantime, her parents' great fortune confiscated by the enemy, had gone to live with her mother's old nurse. There the Rev. Luther Michaelson, an American teacher at the Yan-ling mission school, had found her.

He liked the girl and was deeply sorry for her. Would she care, he inquired, to continue her studies in America? Thus she might become a valuable asset to the new China which was sure to rise from the ashes of the old. He knew that she was poor. But he was well acquainted with Professor James Latrobe, the trustee of the Anna Maguire Fund which gave scholarships to young Orientals.

He smiled at Li Su-Chang.

"What do you say, my dear?"

A gleam had come into her eyes. America—she thought—where Lao Lum had gone. Here was her chance. But she could not tell Michaelson what was passing through her mind. He was a Christian clergyman who preached, and practiced, forgiveness.

"I am so grateful," she replied.

Three months later she was in New York, enrolled at Barnard College and a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of Professor James Latrobe.

If, back home, she had imagined that all she had to do was to buttonhole the first of her countrymen she met and ask him Lao Lum's whereabouts, she learned soon how childish was this notion. America was so vast, and every large city had its Chinatown. Besides, a Cantonese fellow student, a patriot like herself, whom she had taken partly, not wholly, into her confidence, explained to her that doubtless, considering the war lord was here illegally, he must have changed his name and be using somebody else's passport.

☆ THE quest, therefore, seemed more hopeless than in Shanghai. But she did not give up. There was always, in a back cell of her brain, the picture of her murdered father, of her dying mother feebly plucking at the dagger and exacting her promise. This picture never weakened, never receded—until she met Professor Latrobe's only son, Peter, just back from Western Reserve University. Met him and fell in love with him—and he with her. And one night Peter told his father—the mother was long dead—that he was going to marry Li Su-Chang.

Professor Latrobe was shocked and, a blunt man, he did not mince words.

"Absolutely preposterous!" he exclaimed, and then, in terse language,

he marshaled his reasons, biological and cultural, mentioning "Mongols" and "Caucasians" and "half-breed children"—"they'll call your children dadjammed Chinks!"—and speaking with such pitiless clarity that Peter, high-strung, unable to adduce a single argument except the mere fact of his love, flung out of the room.

It is debatable what happened afterward. The police called it an accident. But the father was convinced it was suicide when, an hour later, they removed Peter's mangled body from beneath a subway train.

The effect of the tragedy on Li Su-Chang's mind was strange—or not strange at all when you consider that she was Chinese. For, being of that psychologically self-involved race, she began to search her own past life as to cause and effect, with the result that ultimately she blamed herself. She reflected that this terrible thing was a reminder by fate that she had been untrue to her quest, her search for Lao Lum.

Very well. She would be untrue no longer, would find the man whom she had sworn to kill, the man responsible for her parents' death and, too, her lover's. For—she decided with somewhat twisted logic—had it not been for Lao Lum's bloody deed, she would not have gone to America, would not have met Peter Latrobe and fallen in love with him.

☆ THE major tragedy was followed by a minor when, a few days later, at the end of the semester, her name was up for renewal of the scholarship and Professor Latrobe vetoed it. But her Cantonese fellow student came to the rescue.

What was wrong, he wanted to know, with working her way through college? One of his relatives was a cook in a recently opened Chinese night club. He would ask him to give her a letter to the manager. He did, and the latter took one look at her charming porcelain beauty and announced she was an answer to his fervent prayers to the Lord Buddha.

Thus, thereafter, although her passport time limit had long expired, she worked every evening behind the hat-check counter of the Golden Peiping Cabaret. . . .

"And there," she told Simpson, "I at last met Nag Yat—and I . . ."

She interrupted herself as, from the street, twice repeated, came a strange low dissonant whistle—like the hoot of a horned owl.

"What," she faltered, "was that?"

"A signal from one of my men. Some one is coming up the stairs."

"Nag Yat is coming!" she gasped.

Even as she spoke there came a ring at the doorbell.

Will Li Su-Chang kill Nag Yat? Or will she work with Simpson toward a more worth-while revenge—the destruction of his traitorous scheming? Don't miss the coming chapter of this tense novel. Its pages are packed with thrills, drama, peril, and Oriental mystery. In Liberty next week!

ON THE WHARVES of Liverpool and Singapore, in a freighter's hold halfway across the Atlantic, in a truck on the Burma Road, you will find them—three words stencilled on a thousand boxes and bales: "Made in U.S.A."

Yesterday, three big words to look for. But today they stand for more than the unequalled engineering and production that have made them familiar on every dock and pier in the world. They stand for the productive strength of a free people—a productive strength that cannot be matched; they stand for a determination to "deliver the goods"—a determination that will not be thwarted. And in the ports of the world's embattled democracies, where men are hourly risking their lives to take delivery, they stand for *freedom* itself!

To keep this great flood of goods moving is the most important job in the world today. Wherever it moves, General Electric helps to provide motors and propulsion equipment to keep it moving. In trains hauling ore to America's factories; in factories building guns and tanks and planes; in ships carrying oil to Britain and food to China; in destroyers and cruisers and battleships—the words "General Electric" stand beside "Made in U.S.A." *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York, U.S.A.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ "SIR, if you don't mind my saying so, I think you'd better learn how to cook." . . . It was this advice from his London valet, a brainy manservant of the Jeeves type, that launched Richard Kent on his way to radio fame as a broadcaster of unusual recipes. When he was a pampered youth—which he admits—his wealthy Scottish father sent him round the world because he couldn't get on at home with his stepmother—then round again because he still couldn't. Always interested in eating, wherever he went Mr. Kent collected scribbled notes about tasty native delicacies. Threw the notes into a trunk and forgot them until his shrewd valet declared them career material—if Mr. Kent could cook. Trusting the Jeevish wisdom, Richard took his notes to the kitchen, where in time he taught himself so well that he's now billed from coast to coast as the Traveling Cook. We hear him twice a week over WJZ, while Europe listens in by short wave. . . . After eating in every civilized nation—and some not civilized—he holds to a personal preference for Greek and Arab flavors. "An amateur ought to specialize," he says, "in just one or two dishes, but should do them to perfection. It was the great Escoffier, late King of Chefs, who voiced that rule to me years ago." . . . Mr. Kent's fan mail at all times indicates a sizzling American interest in tender broiled steak. Any steak will be tender, he tells us, if we marinate it 2 hours in the following sauce: 3 tablespoons olive oil, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, pinch of sugar. Then a fire that really *broils!* . . . Richard Kent came to this country to see an American girl he had met in South Africa. She wasn't home when he got here, but a girl named Eleanor answered the phone in a lovely Southern voice. Said she'd heard about him. Why not come to lunch? He went. They had fried chicken and tea—the worst tea he ever tasted. So he taught Eleanor to make tea the way he likes it. And that's how she's been making it ever since. Eleanor is now Mrs. Kent.

☆ APROPOS of our long-torso styles this year, a physician whose hobby is research history tells me the ladies with whom kings fall in love seem prone to be long-waisted. He says it was true of du Barry, de Kéroualle, Pompadour, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. It's true of Mme. Lupescu and the Duchess of Windsor. Both are long-waisted.

☆ BACHELOR uncles, according to tradition, are gay old busters full of secret sentiment about love. I know one who proved himself to be exactly that when he picked out a bridal gift for the recent wedding of his young niece. He gave her a portable phonograph with records of the six tunes she and her young husband had hummed and danced to most ecstatically during the last, sweet, cheek-to-cheek period of their courtship. The tunes were: Yes, Indeed; My Sister and I; Saga of Jenny; Chattanooga Choo-choo; Star Dust; I Understand. . . . It made a perfect honeymoon present—don't you agree?

☆ A LESS happy happening, I'm told by suburban friends, has demonstrated the unsuitability of giving human names to animals. A romance went smash out their way when in moved a family with a dog named Leroy. The steady admirer of the girl next door stopped calling on her. Shouts of "Leroy, come here," and "Leroy, be quiet," made him nervous, because Leroy was his name too. It is more considerate to give pet animals such names as Tip or Spot or Taffy.

☆ DAYDREAMS, thought transference, psychic breath control, gypsy clairvoyance, and other phenomena are analyzed, with suggestions for experiment, in Eileen J. Garrett's new book, Telepathy—In Search of a Lost Faculty. Grand reading if you lean toward occultism. (Published by the Creative Age Press. $2.50.)

☆ I SUPPOSE nearly every one has had some telepathic experience similar to the dream in which I saw the doctor look at his watch—eight o'clock—then smile at a dear sick friend of mine. By morning I learned my friend was better, had passed her crisis *at eight* the night before. Mysterious, wonderful journeys of the sleeping mind!

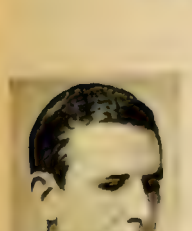
☆ BECAUSE of the interest I know you all have in Navy Day, I am happy, this week, to present the navy's celebrated recipe for *Sea Pie.* The navy cooks sent it to Liberty's lady readers with their compliments. Pie ahoy! . . . Cut 1 pound steak in 3-inch cubes. Season with salt and pepper. Barely cover with water. Simmer gently in shallow pan with lid on. Add 1 onion cut in small pieces, and 1 thinly sliced carrot. When meat and vegetables have simmered ½ hour, top with a suet pastry crust slightly smaller than circumference of pan. Cook 1½ hours more. Take off crust and divide neatly. Dish out meat and vegetables on hot plates. Place portions of crust on top. Enough for 4.

"My, what lovely dishes! What movie did you see?"

Pictures *you ought* to see

By Howard Barnes

4 STARS EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS — EXCELLENT



HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

The indestructible Fred Astaire is back again in a fast-stepping military musical, looking as young as ever and tapping magnificently. It's hard to believe that the great dancer first appeared in New York in 1912. Perhaps he found that fabulous fountain of youth. In any case, he gives a knockout performance in You'll Never Get Rich as a hoofer extraordinary who's inducted into our new army. And his new partner, Rita Hayworth, is lovely, graceful, and talented.

On all counts, this new show is quite a collaboration. It has songs by Cole Porter, who can write equally well for singers and dancers. The dances have been staged by Robert Alton, who is one of the best ring-around-the-rosy experts in the business. Meanwhile the script makes a nice compromise between straight screen fun and the deadly serious business of preparing for war. Here's a formula for contemporary film-making which is worth observing by other movie impresarios. I'm not quite sure how well it would work if Astaire, Robert C. Benchley, Miss Hayworth, and the other expert players were not involved in the proceedings, but it clicks in a big way here.

Certainly this Astaire fellow is remarkable. I remember him years and years ago, whirling around a stage with his gifted sister, Adele. Later he appeared with the agile Ginger Rogers in a memorable series of musicals. By all ordinary standards, he should be washed up by this time. Instead, he comes back, dancing as superbly as ever and playing a young draftee. That, in any business, is staying in there punching. Undoubtedly he will be tapping the daylights out of syncopated rhythms indefinitely.

The story behind the hoofing is not very substantial, but it serves to keep a gay musical extravaganza whirling along at top speed. Astaire is introduced as a musical-comedy director who is forever being the fall guy for his producer boss. In the course of his extracurricular activities, he falls in love with one of the latter's inamoratas, but is promptly whisked into the army. There are various complications, as the selectee spends most of his time in the guardhouse, but in the end everything works out in a high and happy romantic mood.

Obviously, it took much more than dancing to put over You'll Never Get Rich. Fortunately there is more than a little fine acting in the picture. Astaire himself handles the dramatic demands of the show brilliantly. Bob Benchley is at his clowning best in the role of the susceptible Broadway showman. Rita Hayworth is as appealing in her straight acting as she is delectable in the dance sequences, and there are such assisting performers as the double-talking Cliff Nazarro, Osa Massen, John Hubbard, and "Big Boy" Williams to contribute excitement to both the song-and-dance and the army-camp sequences. You'll Never Get Rich, like so much film fare at the moment, is somewhere between escapist fantasy and stern reality. It steers that middle course captivatingly. (Columbia.)

★ ★ ★ SKYLARK

Here's a show which sticks to accepted screen conventions. Based on the Samson Raphaelson play, which had Gertie Lawrence starring on Broadway a couple of years ago, it ducks all issues except that of whether a husband and wife can get along together or not. Since Claudette Colbert gives an utterly delightful performance as the embattled wife and Ray Milland turns in a stout piece of acting as the husband who almost throws up his personal life for his job, it's very good fun indeed. The script crackles with laughter, the direction is shrewd, the minor parts are played superbly. What was a stage hit is certain to be a whopping screen success.

The story is nothing to write home about. You've seen its counterpart a good many times on the screen. The wife of a big-shot advertising man rebels at having to kowtow to his clients. He pretends to drop his job, but she gets wise to his deceit and rushes off to Reno. The rest of the show is concerned with his efforts to win her back. I'm not giving away anything, I'm sure, if I tell you that he finally succeeds. It's brittle drama, but Allan Scott has written some amusing dialogue for the screen show, and Colbert, Milland, and Brian Aherne take care of the rest.

The best description of the film, I guess, is a comedy of manners. That's where the laughter comes from. It's when Colbert, as the indignant wife, tells off a Miss America who has become the wife of a big industrialist, that the production hits in high. It's when the loyal lawyer of the hero tries to get a rival cockeyed and winds up flat on his back, that it gets uproariously funny. Or when the rebellious wife goes off in a sailboat with a gay Lochinvar and bounces around the galley until she comes to her senses about her marriage. Miss Colbert has rarely been more assured in taking slight comic situations and making the most of them. The others are equally resourceful, including Brian Aherne as the Lochinvar: Binnie Barnes, in the role of the business man's wife with airs; and Walter Abel as the dumb lawyer. Mark Sandrich has done a skillful job of producing and directing Skylark. It's exceedingly entertaining. (Paramount.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones.

★★★—Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

A PINCH OF POISON, by Frances and Richard Lockridge.

There are several reasons why the Lockridges' detective yarns make pleasant murder binges: general competence of the authors, of course; Lieutenant Weigand's intelligent but strictly non-wonder-boy sleuthing; and the homey chatter of the now famous Mr. and Mrs. North—she of the conversational *non sequiturs* that turn out not to be. They're all together again in the case of the murder at the Ritz-Plaza Roof. (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

then flew back to our own air base. The Chief Intelligence staff were greatly pleased. The château turned out to be a German headquarters.

Incidentally, I had taken pictures of all those roads I had passed over and had not seen a single tank, but they found five or six hundred on one road alone, just hidden under the trees. I couldn't see them with the naked eye, due to the camouflage, but the camera made them stand out quite clearly. I told the headquarters staff about the set-to with the Heinkel, and made it quite a brave story for me.

☆ THE sequel came months later. While in England in a hospital, I met a German pilot who seemed rather a good chap. One day I told him this story and showed him the picture of that Heinkel on the ground. He laughed a bit harder than I thought he should have. I said, "Well, look here, old boy, that story isn't so funny as all that—what's the joke?"

With tears practically streaming down his face, he pointed to the aircraft on the ground and said, "You see that aircraft? I didn't have any guns, either." It turned out that this German pilot and I had each been making a dummy attack on the other. He realized that those were his troops, while I thought they were mine, and both of us were playing the hero by attacking when neither had guns.

Soon after that, when it looked as though the Italians were coming in, three of us moved down to Corsica to keep tab on the Italian fleet and take pictures of harbors and armament factories, and get all the useful information and data we could.

A little later we moved from Corsica to a little airdrome on the French mainland called Le Luc, halfway between St. Raphael and Toulon, just one range of mountains behind the coast. As soon as we were established, we started to do reconnaissance up to northern Italy, taking pictures of factory and airdrome activities.

One day, after I had completed some reconnaissance work over Genoa and was headed along the French coast toward Cannes, I saw a large twin-engine machine coming in from the direction of Sardinia. It was an Italian bomber.

I carried out a couple of dummy attacks well out of range. As his fore gun and rear gun could only turn about thirty degrees, if I kept up this dodge and did figure eights over the top, he couldn't shoot me. I kept it up, getting lower and lower, until I got within fifteen to twenty feet of the top of the aircraft. Then I pulled up again and watched. From sheer fright he slowly went down, and force-landed the machine into the sea.

I flew back, took a picture, and watched his crew of five climb out on the top wing, slowly get undressed, and as the machine sank they started out for shore. When I came back and reported this to my C. O., nobody would believe it until I had the pictures developed and proved it.

Shortly after that I had the most awful experience I've ever been through. This was being ground-strafed from the air by enemy fighters. We were down at our airdrome at Le Luc, sitting around, waiting for F/O Sheen, an Australian, to come down to dispersal, when suddenly we heard an awful roar and we saw twelve fighters coming out of the clouds. Just as the twelve went by, another twelve shot out from behind the clouds. Then suddenly the first twelve started to do a peel-off and dived on our airdrome.

As the truck with Sheen was just coming along the road, I had to wait until it arrived to give him the warning. I shouted at him, and then we both had to dive and lie flat. I found a little heap of earth right on the edge of the airdrome, and kept wiggling around it, trying to get as much protection from it as possible. We knew they were using explosive bullets, and you could see them exploding as they hit the ground at about five- or six-feet intervals. I got some pieces of the explosive shell in my clothes.

The first twelve planes, when they were carrying out this attack, were diving up and down and the other twelve just circled around the airdrome, waiting until they had finished. While they were doing all this, three French fighter planes came up and, instead of attacking, flew around the Italians in a big wide circle. As soon as the first twelve Italians had finished their ammunition, they climbed up and the other twelve attacked, and the first twelve watched. The three Frenchmen waited until the Italians had shot off all their ammunition, and then attacked. They shot down eleven of the Italians.

☆ WHEN the Italians had gone, we took stock of the damage. Our big communication machine had been wrecked, but our little reconnaissance machine was all right. Three of us got into it and flew over to the fleet air arm near Toulon. We did a little more work from there, taking turns with this one machine. After the Germans had entered Paris, we felt it was time to move, and we drew lots to see who would take the machine to England. The choice fell to me.

The job had its drawbacks. We did not have any maps and we were without weather forecasts. Moreover, we did not know whether the machine would fly that far. At any rate, we thought it well worth the try, as the machine was worth saving.

It was my intention to go up about 30,000 feet, which would give me a more economical cruising range. As I began to climb, I discovered that I had forgotten my oxygen mask, and I could not go above 15,000 to 18,000 feet. I did not dare return for my mask for fear the French might try to arrest me. Consequently I stayed at 18,000 feet and then headed north.

After flying for two hours and forty-five minutes, during which I "passed out" three times, I decided it was about time to drop below the clouds to see where I was. I was over water, but did not know whether it was the Channel, the North Sea, or the Irish Sea. After another five or ten minutes, I saw some land ahead, but it did not look a bit like the coast I knew. At last I saw a train going along the breakwater. I was able to read the name on top, and found I was somewhere in Cornwall.

I then flew east along the coast. When I was down to five gallons of petrol, I saw a very nice-looking beach, and realized it was Chesil Bank, just west of Weymouth. I went in and landed at the little airdrome there called Warmwell. As soon as I landed, of course, I was practically put under arrest, as the machine I was flying was a queer-looking craft and nobody could figure out where I'd come from. I couldn't inform them, as I was working on a special job. Finally they took me up to the C. O., who said that if I didn't tell him where I was from they would put me in the jug-house. When I told him I had flown from near Marseilles, he stared at my machine, which looked like a fighter, and said, "Don't be silly. A fighter can't fly that far."

☆ I TOLD him to go and look at the different petrol tanks and see if I couldn't. When he came back, he said, "Well, you had enough gas to do the trip, but you've got only two more gallons left." That two gallons was about enough to keep me up for another three minutes.

After a leave of a week or two, I spent two weeks covering the Channel from Cherbourg to Nantes. Then, as I was yearning to do a little more fighting, I got transferred to Fighter Squadron 242, under Squadron Leader Bader, the man with no legs who had built up such a fine record.

It was then the beginning of July, and soon after this the big mass attacks on London started, but not very much action came as far north as our station. We used to get the reports of German formations of fifty and sixty plus coming into the Estuary, but we were not often sent out.

Soon we were ordered to a drome just north of London to reinforce that sector against the heavy attacks on London itself. We no sooner had landed and refueled at this base when we were sent off. While approaching the London sector, Bader kept sending sections from the squadron to identify odd aircraft that we could see in the distance, until finally there were only five of us left in the squadron.

It was then that we sighted a large German formation.

More thrilling battles in the sky, more hazards and hair-breadth escapes in next week's chapter of a Canadian flyer's revealing account of his service with the R. A. F.

She lunged against von Seidtz at the instant the Luger was leveled.

Tomorrow We March

Can love outlive all else? . . A tragic sacrifice ends a vivid novel—of a fight that's just begun

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ THERE was a conviction that began to creep over Mignon Gaudin with a slow but devastating effect. If it did not immediately overwhelm her, it was because all her instincts recoiled from it. She found herself holding her breath, watching Philip in consternation. In rising despair, too. She tried to back away from the feeling; she didn't *want* to believe it. But it kept following her, relentless, inescapable, forcing her into an emotional corner.

She saw it first in the gaunt look about Philip when he reached for the door. He would have left at once. But Adam Szebranyi seized his wrist.

"What's the matter with you?" Adam demanded. He sounded choked. "It's insane to go to the hotel!"

Philip said, "I've *got* to go."

"Don't you realize the brownshirts—"

"Yes, I realize. But I've got to go. I can't leave Lisa."

Anne began almost in anger, "For heaven's sake, Philip—"

"I know what I'm doing," he insisted. "I know the risk. But I won't leave Prague without her."

It was the way he said it, too, that revealed the truth to Mignon. Seeing it, she couldn't speak; she couldn't add a syllable to the arguments with which Anne and Adam struggled to check him. She was too confounded, too close to panic, to do anything at all.

He loved Lisa. Mignon saw it now with shocking clarity. He loved her in a way that made him ready to throw aside all caution, all logic, all restraint. . . . Mignon's thoughts became blurred. She felt herself mentally rocking, every bit of hope in her annihilated.

In a vague way she knew they were still pleading with Philip. There was Anne saying, "You don't have to *go* to the hotel. You can telephone—"

And Philip: "They'd arrest her before she could put the phone down. If von Seidtz suspects anything, they'll be listening to every call she gets."

"But, Philip—"

What did it matter what they said? Mignon knew they wouldn't sway him. You couldn't argue against emotions. She didn't even listen now. She was thinking of her own love for him, and of its futility; and yet, wasn't it a love every bit as driving and impassioned as his for Lisa?

Then she saw him open the door. He stood a moment on the threshold, in sunlight, with the wind in his hair, still listening to Anne's agonized protests. And out of the chaos in Mignon rose an impulse as insuppressible as his had been. She started forward.

She heard herself saying, "I'm going with you!"

It caught Philip utterly unprepared. He stared at her. He said, "You don't have to—"

"I won't let you go alone, Philip."

"But why, Mignon? What for?"

How could she explain what she felt? How could she say the things she wanted to cry out of her anguish? She could abandon him no more than he could abandon Lisa.

He said, "There's no *reason* for your coming, Mignon. Both of us together may be recognized. One going alone—"

"Then we'll walk separately."

There was no dissuading her. She had become as resolute as Philip himself. She stepped out of the house, pale but abnormally calm. Though the others protested too, in renewed stupefaction, she scarcely heard what they said. She waited for Philip to start.

After a time he said something huskily—she didn't know what. He grasped her arm; and in his hold she could feel the warmth of closeness and understanding.

"Come on," he said.

They walked up the street in silence, with quick steps. Mignon went blindly, letting him guide her. She didn't know how far they had gone when they had to stop at an intersection to wait.

Nazi troops were marching by. A thousand of them—maybe more. She groped out of a daze to see them. Other people were lining the curb, watching in silence. The stamping of those feet shook the pavements. And, in a way, it was good for Mignon to look at those soldiers. It restored some sense of reality. It made her see that she was still part of the life about her.

German troops on the march. All over Europe, she thought, German troops were marching like this. They had been marching like this for more than two years. Where to? . . .

She didn't know she had uttered the thought. Yet she must have spoken, for Philip answered grimly:

"This is still their day. But tomorrow—tomorrow *we* march!"

☆ IN her room at the Vratislav, Lisa stood before the mirror. She combed back her hair with quick, nervous strokes. Time after time she glanced at the telephone, with a prayer in her eyes—wondering, in anxiety that became downright torment, if Matej Zarovel had found Philip. He had promised to let her know. If he succeeded, he would telephone from the station before returning to Carlsbad. They had arranged a signal; the kind of conversation any one might safely overhear. But if he failed there would be no call at all.

So the telephone's silence was unendurable.

She stood beside the open window, and sunshine poured over her, filling her flaxen hair with a kind of flame. It did something else, too, not quite as flattering. It revealed the weariness in her face, the ravaging effects of strain. She used a little rouge to obliterate the pallor, but it didn't help much. Her eyes, she saw, were still distraught. Later, perhaps, she'd regain some composure—if all went well not only with Philip and Mignon but with herself. She knew she ought to be fatalistic about it. To hope and to despair were alike futile now. Whatever happened was beyond her control. So she tried hard not to think about it.

But it was impossible to play the ostrich. She couldn't blind herself to the recklessness of her trip to Carlsbad. Just what to expect she wouldn't know until she confronted Herr von Seidtz. This, however, she did know: the Gestapo tolerated no treason.

In Carlsbad she had almost yielded to Zarovel's plea to remain there.

"Why risk going back?" he had argued. "Tomorrow you can fly to London with the others. To return to Prague now will be like marching toward a firing squad."

☆ SHE had been desperately tempted. To fly with Philip out of all this struggle and horror had been a glorious vision. Yet she had heard herself saying to Zarovel, "Why do *you* do the things you're doing? It would be so much safer for you not to be part of the underground, wouldn't it? Why don't you stop?"

"They're relying on me—"

"Exactly. They're relying on me, too. That is my first responsibility—to do my job. I may be able to satisfy von Seidtz with an explanation for this trip. If I do, I can go on with my work. I *must* risk it."

That was it—the feeling that the cause she served was more important than her own destiny. For it she must sacrifice everything else — even her love for Philip. That was why she was here in her room instead of in Carlsbad—waiting for the telephone to ring, waiting for von Seidtz to come and question her.

But there was more to it than that. You couldn't simplify it so easily. An unexpected limpness swept over Lisa's body and over her spirit. It made her sit down, crushed by a weight of hopelessness.

She had lost Philip. That was the thing she'd been trying to gloss over even in her thoughts. Though she loved Philip with all the fervor of which she was capable, she had deliberately given him up, deluding herself with the idea that it was for the cause—never admitting it was because of Mignon. . . .

She had never forgotten the way Mignon had nursed Philip the night he staggered into his room with a wounded arm; the way Mignon had sat beside the bed, tears in her eyes, her hand clinging to his. Lisa had wanted desperately to remain there, but it had been clear Mignon had wanted just as desperately to be alone with Philip. And Lisa had guessed why. The French girl loved Philip Layden.

And she supposed Philip must love her. Why not? They were working together, traveling together. He must have known her for a long time in Gardenois. . . .

Those weeks in Geneva? Lisa had to regard them cynically. An interlude for him, that was all. He had never said anything about love. Never. Not even in those impetuous moments when he had kissed her. . . . It was evident now that he had said nothing about love because of the bonds that bound him to Mignon.

Lisa was surrendering her hopes deliberately—that was the point she could not help recognizing. She was giving him up, not even trying to see him again. . . .

She rose, picked up a handkerchief. *I have to stop thinking of that,* she told herself. She must prepare something to tell von Seidtz when he came.

She didn't know where he had gone. When she had entered the lobby, she had seen Herr Werther, Hermann Krug, and a few others returning from a day's outing. Apparently they were not yet aware that von Seidtz had arrived; there was no talk about him. They—

Then the telephone rang.

Lisa caught her breath. She snatched up the instrument. *"Allo?"*

A man's deep voice asked, "Fräulein Abernathil?" It was Zarovel, and she knew an instant rush of joy. This was their signal. This was the confirmation that all had gone well.

☆ WHAT Zarovel said was unimportant. Something about having seen her perform at the theater; about admiring her and being grateful indeed if she would consent to have dinner with him. Lisa refused—regretfully, politely—so that any one overhearing the words would be convinced. When she put the telephone down, her eyes glowed. She wanted to cry out in the sheer rapture of knowing Philip was on the way to safety.

But she had no chance to exult. A door creaked behind her. Not the door to the hall, but the door which separated her room from Mignon's.

She spun around, startled — and faced von Seidtz.

He had not troubled to knock. With his hand still on the knob, he smiled at her in a strange, cold way.

"So," he said. "You are back."

She didn't reply. First she had to control her thumping nerves. She guessed he must have been searching Mignon's effects until he had heard her at the telephone. No doubt he had listened to her conversation.

"I missed you, Fräulein," he said, almost gently.

"I—I had to go out."

"So? It seemed to me I ordered you to remain here; to hold them if they returned."

"I did not understand you to *order* anything, Herr von Seidtz."

"Nein?" He entered slowly, the inevitable cigarette dangling between his fingers. His smile faded, leaving his features hard, uncompromising. "I thought I was sufficiently explicit. Where have you been?"

Somehow he must know, Lisa thought with conviction that verged on panic. *He's waiting for me to lie.*

"I asked where you have been, Fräulein."

"To—to Carlsbad."

"Carlsbad. Indeed. On a whim, you go off to Carlsbad. Without leaving word with any one in the hotel."

Lisa's tones became hushed. "I'm sorry, Herr von Seidtz. I *had* to go."

"What is of such tremendous importance in Carlsbad?"

"My—doctor."

He was startled, doubtful.

She added, "A skin specialist."

Herr von Seidtz lifted his brows. He had not forgotten her rash. In truth, he remembered it with a profound sense of regret whenever he looked at Lisa Abernathil.

And Lisa saw in his expression that she had struck the right note. This was the only way to divert von Seidtz' suspicions. In a way that would have its personal effect on him. It was a dreadful thing to do; it made her want to shudder. Yet she saw no alternative.

"I went to him last week," she said. "He—he told me my skin condition was not due to what I had imagined."

Von Seidtz was incredulous.

"He believed it was an allergic rash. He gave me tablets to take, and I was to see him today for his final diagnosis. . . . I *had* to see him, Herr von Seidtz. Tuesday we are leaving Prague."

"What about your—"

Von Seidtz nodded to her chest.

"It—is gone. It was nothing."

He stared at her with the astonishment of one who makes a remarkable discovery — a joyous discovery. He rubbed out his cigarette in a tray on the table.

"Let me see, Lisa."

☆ HER hands trembled when they rose. She had to go through with this. Though her whole body felt frozen, though her mind was wild with an inarticulate terror, she had to carry on. It was the only way to dull von Seidtz' suspicions. . . .

She pulled the neck of her dress lower. Slowly, her teeth biting into her lip. Von Seidtz didn't see that. He wasn't watching her face. He came forward, smiling in a way that was tense and anticipatory. He saw the skin as creamy and pure and unblemished as he had once dreamed it would be. His hand rose to touch it, hesitantly, as though he could not quite believe in such perfection.

Suddenly von Seidtz had her in his arms. He held her against himself with savage possessiveness.

She closed her eyes, drew back her head. It was horrible to feel his breath on her, horrible to feel the pulsations of his body against hers. Yet through it all her mind retained a harsh clarity of purpose. She could not forget why she was doing this.

He laughed. Then he kissed her throat. He kept his lips pressed against it hard, hungrily, and her body went rigid with revulsion. It seemed the kiss would never end.

When he released her, von Seidtz laughed again—a trifle shakily now. He stepped back, looking over her from the flaxen hair to her shoes. There was pride in the look, and possession.

"You will have dinner with me tonight," he said.

Lisa went to the dressing table and picked up the comb. Her fingers shook. If only he would leave—if only she could drop this pretense of calm! But he stood there, immovable, his booted legs spread, smiling as he watched her run the comb through her hair. He seemed to be asserting the *right* to stand here and watch.

Then the door opened.

Herr von Seidtz swung around with instinctive anger. No one could enter like that, without knocking. But when he saw Philip Layden and Mignon Gaudin on the threshold, his resentment changed to amazement . . . and sudden triumph.

☆ PHILIP hadn't expected this. He hadn't known what to anticipate, but somehow it hadn't been confronting von Seidtz in Lisa's room. He gripped the doorknob, his eyes fastened uncertainly on the official.

It came to him that he would have to fight. The German would never allow him to leave.

He was right about that. Herr von Seidtz decided on instant arrest. His hand rose swiftly to the holster under his tunic, snatched out the Luger. Philip gripped the nearest weapon—a chair.

Lisa gasped. She started forward wildly.

But she was not as quick as Mignon. For Mignon all but flung herself at the officer. She knew that once von Seidtz raised the gun, they were lost. Perhaps she intended to hit it down; perhaps she intended to seize it until Philip could reach the man.

Whatever was in her mind, she lunged against von Seidtz at the instant the Luger was leveled.

Her body muffled the shot.

Herr von Seidtz was moving backward when he fired. He was confused, caught off guard, and he shot quite instinctively. Mignon sagged against him, her hands on his shoulders. He hadn't been ready for anything like this. He stepped aside, letting her fall to the floor. Then he turned the Luger toward Philip—just as a chair, swung with all the power of Philip's body, crashed down on his bald head.

There was a dreadful sound of cracking bone. Von Seidtz' knees crumpled. The Luger dropped from his fingers to fall on Mignon. He went down slowly, twisting, so that he collapsed on his side. His head fell across Mignon's legs, and the blood that flowed from the gashed skull spread over her dress.

After that there was a hiatus—an interval during which Philip Layden had no thoughts at all. He stood paralyzed, staring down at Mignon. He forgot even Lisa. He knelt, caught

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Mignon's shoulders. He turned her a little—just far enough to see the bullet hole in her chest.

"Mignon—" He uttered the name hoarsely, without knowing he spoke. "Mignon—" It was no use. A kind of stupor held him. Mignon, who a moment ago had run up the stairs with him, cautioning him to be silent, was dead! His brain refused to grasp it. She *couldn't* be dead.

Then Lisa's hand was on his shoulder. "Philip—Philip darling—"

He looked up dazedly. Lisa knelt beside him, her eyes on Mignon, her face ghastly white and tortured. She was weeping.

Lisa whispered, "She—she had courage—" She had to stop. There were emotions you couldn't shape into phrases. They choked Lisa as they choked Philip, and for a while they could only kneel there together, staring at Mignon. And finally, out of his agony, Philip said:

"She shouldn't have come here with me. To die like this—after all she's been through—to die for nothing—"

"Not for nothing!" Lisa said bitterly. "We mustn't let it be for *nothing!*" She straightened and turned away. Her hand went through her hair. She took two stiff, aimless steps, then stopped and looked around at Philip. New lights came into her eyes; lights of desperation. "It'll be for nothing only if we give up, Philip. But we don't *have* to give up! She wouldn't want us to give up! . . . The shot wasn't heard. If it had been heard, they'd be here now. . . . Philip, we've got to get them into her room!" Her words shook. "If they find them in her room, it—it may appear to be an affair between *them.*"

☆ PHILIP rose, his brain slowly clearing. He could see what Lisa meant. "Is—is von Seidtz dead?"

"Yes!"

Then he remembered, and he shook a hopeless head.

"It's no use. The Gestapo knows he came to arrest her."

"The Gestapo *doesn't* know! He told no one. The only evidence in Prague is a picture in his briefcase. I can destroy that. Philip—" She actually shook him.

A sound in the outer hall silenced her. Somebody was passing the room. Lisa waited, watching the door with wide frightened eyes. But the steps went on.

She looked back at Philip. Then she bent and grasped von Seidtz' body under the arms. It was going to be a terrible thing to accomplish, but their safety hung on it.

When she began to drag von Seidtz toward Mignon's door, Philip roused himself with a quivering breath. He stepped forward, bent to get his arms under the body. He had to whip his brain back to alertness. There was still this chance. There was still the hope that the Gestapo would hush up an affair in which one of its officials appeared to be sordidly involved. . . .

It was strange how, under the lash of necessity, you could overcome a grief that threatened to choke and demoralize you. Philip had to shut his eyes when he lifted Mignon's limp figure. As he went with her toward the door, he remembered the night when he had carried her like this to her bed. She had been like a child then, and he had smiled over her.

In every cause a few must die. The words drifted to him out of some obscure moment in the past. He couldn't recall who had uttered them. Anton Kanes, perhaps, or Ravineau; or had it been Mignon herself? He didn't know. It didn't matter now. He went on blindly and put her down on the floor. He did it with care, with gentleness; and there were tears in his eyes. For him this was Mignon Gaudin's burial.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1—He was General Francis Marion, leader of a band of men who made their headquarters in the Southern swamps and sallied forth to harass the British in the Revolutionary War.

2—The harvest moon—the full moon coming nearest September 22—rises just at sunset for several nights in a row, thus providing moonlight from sunset to sunrise.

3—The Nile, 4,000 miles long. The combined Mississippi-Missouri is 4,221 miles.

4—A quadrillion; fifteen.

5—Five—the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War, the War with Austria, and the War with Germany.

6—He is out. A batter is not sent to first base when hit by a pitched ball if he has struck at the ball.

7—Mrs. Grundy. In the play of the late eighteenth century, Speed the Plough, one of the characters always asks, when a question of conduct comes up, "What would Mrs. Grundy say?"

8—Alexandria, Egypt, famous in ancient days for its magnificent library.

9—The Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, after whom the Prince Albert coat was named.

10—It is the bank on the right as you face downstream.

11—No.

12—By removing the bones of the beef, officials reasoned, more beef could be stored for long voyages.

13—There have been nine: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

14—The katydid is an insect which, by rubbing its wings, makes a curious noise sounding like "Katy did—Katy didn't."

15—Liberty Enlightening the World.

16—John Barrymore, Fredric March, and Spencer Tracy.

17—Texas. It comprises 265,896 square miles, as compared to the United Kingdom's 94,279.

18—Letters of British soldiers and sailors are now photographed on film, thus enabling thousands of letters to be carried back to England by plane. An enlargement of these "airgraphs" is made and delivered to the addressees.

19—They were used for identification purposes by the early Chinese and in ancient lands of the Near East, although their use in criminology is recent.

20—Horatio Alger.

☆ THERE was a day later in the week when Philip and Lisa sat alone in the compartment of a hot train speeding across Czecho-Slovakia. The troupe was traveling on to give its next series of performances at Cracow in Poland. And Philip, to Herr Werther's relief, was going along to take the place of the orchestra's pianist, who had returned to Berlin.

They didn't talk. He and Lisa sat looking out of the window, thinking.

Thinking how it had succeeded—everything they had prayed for when the authorities had poured into Mignon's room. Herr von Seidtz, they had said, had come to an unfortunate end because of his attentions to the Italian singer, Maria Lantera. Italians had notoriously violent tempers. Maria Lantera had flung a chair. It was better that such matters be kept out of the newspapers. They did not redound to the dignity of German officials. . . .

Philip felt Lisa's hand creep into his own. It was not a firm hand. It hadn't been firm for days. He squeezed it, steadied it.

"And so we go on," she whispered.

Yes, they were going on. In Cracow there was a man he must see. Piotr Ivraski. A chemist. A leader of the underground. It would begin all over again. And later in other cities. The crusade must go on and on and on. As long as he retained freedom, Philip must continue the fight. There could be no cessation, not even a pause, until all Europe was united in a vast underground army whose upheaval would throw off the yoke of Nazism.

☆ BUT now there would be a difference in his work. In Lisa's, too. They could travel with no barriers of distrust or doubt between them. And whatever they achieved together would stand as a monument to Mignon Gaudin. To help conquer the tyranny that had caused her death—that was the only way to lend significance and beauty and dignity to the life Mignon had lived; it was the only way to save it from futility.

He found it impossible to stop thinking about Mignon. He had been fond of her from the beginning. True, she hadn't ever affected his love for Lisa. That had been a glorious, glowing thing from the outset. A force stronger than all his doubts, a love that outlived everything else. And he loved Lisa now in a way that was deeper and more enduring than it had ever been before.

Yet it was a love sobered by the knowledge that it could continue only because of the sacrifice Mignon Gaudin had made. His own future and Lisa's would always have its roots in the fact that Mignon had died not only for a cause but for them. . . .

The train raced on.

After a time Lisa turned from the window to look at Philip. He was gaunt and tired, but the lines about his mouth were determined. A much older man than the Philip Layden she had known in Geneva. She drew in an unsteady breath. Her fingers pressed his, and she closed her eyes and put her forehead on his shoulder. She too was weary. But she understood his determination and shared it. They could not give way to weariness. Not until their work was done.

He looked down at her flaxen hair. Presently, smiling a little, he rested his cheek in it. In the stillness he heard only the clatter of the wheels.

There was something peculiar about that clatter, he came to realize. A strange, insistent rhythm, if you listened for it. One, two, three—*four.* One, two, three—*four.* . . .

THE END

The Actors with Animal Magnetism

Liberty's critic hails stageland's who's zoo—Have you heard about the mule who wrecked the play?

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ IT used to be said that if you sat on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris long enough you would sooner or later see every one in the world you knew. It is presently said that sooner or later every actor in New York eats at least one meal in the restaurant called Sardi's, an establishment in the heart of the theatrical district. In the first statement there was little truth. In the second there is a great deal. Nevertheless, there is one very considerable group of actors, highly talented, well paid and in their own set of unimpeachable social position, who never go anywhere near Sardi's and who, even were they to go there, would be promptly and peremptorily ejected.

I refer, so to speak, to those other dumb animals who, for all their importance to the theater and drama, have no Equity Association of their own to look after their rights in the community and who have to take it, whatever it is, without saying a word. Yet, without them, their other histrionic colleagues would often be out of jobs and maybe starve to death.

Without them, in short, some of the biggest successes in the American theater could never have been produced. Think of Ben Hur without its chariot horses. Of Uncle Tom's Cabin without the bloodhounds. Of Mazeppa and Under Two Flags without the white horses. Of Peg o' My Heart without Peg's dog Michael, or The Barretts of Wimpole Street without Elizabeth's Flush. The catalogue might be continued indefinitely.

What would have become of Frederick Ballard's Young America if no dog had been at liberty to sign up for the role around which the whole last act revolved? The funniest skit in Hooray for What?—Ed Wynn or no Ed Wynn—would have been impossible had no less than four dogs been available to help Ed in interpreting it. The one and only reputable comedy moment in last season's disastrous Horse Fever was derived entirely from the presence in the cast of a horse. Neil Burgess' greatest success, The County Fair, would never have been possible without its race horses. And like a silk hat without a rabbit would have been De Wolf Hopper's Wang without its elephant, Siberia without its wolves, The Speckled Band without its snake, and The Prodigal Son without its sheep.

The present dramatic season, unless all signs fail, will similarly have to depend upon the Sardi outcasts to no small degree. The Wookey calls for a dachshund periodically to stimulate its humor and pathos. Mr. Big has to rely on a horse for one of its chief comedy moments. Purple Dust will have a cow figuring in one of its more important scenes. If the worst comes to the worst, indeed, and no cow is available properly to catch the genuine O'Casey atmosphere, the producer will sadly have to compromise to the extent of hiring a couple of mere human actors to get under a hide and try to do the damnedest they can to match the talent of a real cow. Saroyan's Sweeney in the Trees, due for production directly after the holidays, depends for its final curtain effect upon a dove. Without the dove the end of the play would go for nought. And at least a half dozen other plays cannot be produced unless the managements and authors succeed in casting certain roles with the right dogs, cats, owls, horses and —in one case—a parrot, cinnamon bear, and zebra.

The talent of stage animals generally is extraordinarily high. If a score of human actors and a score of animal actors were picked at random, there would be no shadow of a doubt that the animal actors would, on the basis of actual performance, rate fully twenty times higher than their more articulate brethren. In the entire history of the modern stage, indeed, there have been two and only two cases where the animal performers were not a credit to their profession. One, as is sufficiently well remembered, was the case of the horse in a Beerbohm Tree Shakespearean production at the Haymarket in London. At an important moment in the play the horse waywardly mistook the stage for a lavatory, which led Tree to exclaim, "Ah, a critic!" The other was the case of a mule in the musical comedy, Rainbow, produced some years ago in the Cosmopolitan Theater in Columbus Circle, New York. The mule, emulating the confusion and absent-mindedness of the Tree horse, completely wrecked the performance on the opening night and was largely instrumental in causing the show's failure, with a loss to the management of more than fifty thousand dollars. The importance of animal actors could call for no more convincing proof.

If a mere black cat wandering accidentally across a stage has been known to spell the doom of a play, how many animal actors, on the more

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fortunate side, have been known to help spell success? The prime comedy of Noel Coward's revue, Set to Music, was negotiated by a white horse in association with Beatrice Lillie. The prime comedy of Simple Simon, in turn, was negotiated by a brown horse in association with Ed Wynn. And the prime comedy of Higher and Higher, yet again, was negotiated by a seal in association with Jack Haley.

Lionel Barrymore got going in the theater, in The Mummy and the Humming Bird, with the aid of a monkey. And it was a monkey, too, who helped to glorify the performance of Doris Keane in Romance, her biggest success. Lillian Russell achieved her comeback in Wildfire only through the aid of a horse, and Mabel Taliaferro also was lost until a horse assisted her to popular success in Polly of the Circus. Amelia Bingham's first New York appearance, in The Struggle of Life, was in conjunction with *two* horses, and Herbert Kelcey's first in London, in the Drury Lane melodrama, Youth, was in conjunction with all of three.

Of all the animals who take up histrionics as a career, the dog, generally speaking, is the audience's favorite. In this, of course, there is nothing surprising, since the dog, wherever you find him, is usually hokum plus. When Eugene O'Neill's play, Days Without End, failed to capture box-office trade, O'Neill remarked to me, with a wry smile, that it would have been the simplest thing in the world for him to have converted it into a whopping success. "All I would have had to do," he said, "is to have Blemie [his pet Dalmatian] walk across the stage once in the first act, twice in the second, and in the third curl up at the hero's feet and gaze soulfully into his eyes. The rush at the box office would have necessitated a couple of extra treasurers."

☆ IT is a well known theatrical fact that any of the old Uncle Tom troupes that advertised 6—Bloodhounds—6 always did twice as much business as one that offered only the more usual two or three. The most sympathetic and effective press-agentry in years was that which had Katharine Cornell's dog in The Barretts for its subject. And for season after season one of the top drawing cards in vaudeville was Goldman's canine act.

In the many years of my incumbency as a magazine editor, it was a general, and occasionally embarrassing, fact that any even halfway good dog story usually attracted wider attention among readers—and certainly a lot more enthusiastic letters to the editor—than almost anything else, however highly creditable to the art of belles-lettres, in the particular issue.

One of the most successful pieces of advertising copy in American advertising history was the celebrated His Master's Voice, with its dog listening to a phonograph. One of the most winning things in the public's mind about the current President of the United States is his fondness for Falla. And so great is the popular interest in Falla that Howell-Soskin have recently published a book about the Scottie. Albert Payson Terhune was for many years one of the country's most popular magazine writers with his stories about dogs. Jack London's The Call of the Wild, with its dog hero, became a national best seller.

Holden's dog store in East Fifty-third Street, New York, with its window full of puppies, attracts almost as many people as the Stork Club situated just to the left. It was the late James Gordon Bennett's order that his New York Herald editors try to have a dog news story in every issue, and it was a command that if the story was a better than ordinary one it must always be printed on the front page.

☆ LEAVING the dog and returning to animals in the theater in general, it was the late Oscar Hammerstein's idea that, if everything else failed to attract New Yorkers to his Victoria roof garden, a cow grazing in an imitation pasture might turn the trick. The cow was duly installed and the mob of city folk was so enchanted by the spectacle that Oscar did a land-office business. When the old Christian-Pagan Roman arena play, Quo Vadis?, in its third road season began to show signs of falling off, a senescent and mangy lion set to a ferocious growling for Christian blood by covert injections of turpentine and displayed in the lobbies as ballyhoo was sufficient to bring in the eager customers for miles around. The Middle West, when trade indicated some slackening, was galvanized into renewed action in the case of the play, David Harum, through the mere display of a horse in front of the theaters. And the old beer gardens from Philadelphia in the east to St. Louis in the west for a period of fifteen years got a great deal of their admission intake on the score of a comical performing duck named August Müller. I myself must have drunk no less than a hogshead of lager while responding, over a period of at least ten of the fifteen years, to August's drollery.

In conclusion. What screen actor, save possibly alone Charlie Chaplin, is as universally known and admired as Mickey Mouse, unless it be Donald Duck? What small book in recent years, save possibly alone Bet It's a Boy, has had the success of Ferdinand the Bull? What toy has ever achieved more popularity than the Teddy bear? What circus act is as necessary a part of the circus, and has been for all of fifty years, as the trick dog act? What remains the favorite book of children if it isn't Aesop's Fables? And what has made the merry-go-round the one and permanent feature of all pleasure park features if it isn't the horses, giraffes, and camels?

THE END

He had scarcely driven away when Carl came. Came with outward bravado, inward guilt. He hadn't been working, of course. But, as Laura said, women keep their secrets, their gnawing disappointments, secret as the grave.

"Why, I thought you were going to bed!" he said.

"I did. I was bored. I got up and went to the concert."

"All alone?"

"All alone," she said calmly.

He glanced at the glass on the table, but it was hardly seemly that he should protest or bluster. Then he saw the ball.

"What's that doodad?"

"That's to tell your future in."

"Good heavens!"

She laughed, said: "It's late; I'm going up."

"But, Anna—that thing—take it away, will you? I don't like such truck."

"I don't, either. I don't know why I got it. It looked pretty in a window."

"Carol in?"

"No."

☆ IN the night she awoke abruptly, filled with a strange foreboding. Without any conscious thought she slipped out of bed, into slippers, and went down the hall, down the stairs, turning on the lower lights from the top of the staircase. She walked almost like a sleepwalker to the mantel, took the ball, went back to her bedroom.

Carl said out of sleep: "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing." She opened the top drawer of the tall chest of drawers and put the ball under some silk things, got back into bed. She remembered hearing Laura say once, "It's no use saying 'You can stop smoking if you want to!' I can't stop, and that's the truth." She had been scornful. It was true, she said now. She couldn't stop. This was what it was like not to be able to stop.

"You all right?" Carl asked sleepily.

"Yes."

Then she thought: I didn't hear Carol come in. Or perhaps that's what woke me. She listened but heard no sound in the house. She turned and looked at the luminous hands of the clock beside her bed. Half past three. Quietly she slipped out of bed again and went to Carol's room, opened the door softly. Carol was not there. There was nothing ominous about that, she told herself. Carol was often this late.

She lay listening, listening, waiting. After a long time the gray winter's dawn began to steal into the room. Anna thought she must have slept in spite of herself, though it had not seemed so. She forced herself to lie still for several long minutes, then she went to Carol's room again. Carol had not been home. She should not be frightened, she told herself. This had happened before. Carol had danced till dawn before this, and stopped somewhere for coffee and scrambled eggs. She put her hand on Carol's bedpost, and felt that familiar sinking away—felt, through a dim horror, that wings, furry, dark, were closing down on her. "*Carl . . .*" she whispered. Then the darkness passed. The post grew steady under her hands. She knew again that Carol would come in, sweeping incongruous long skirts through the morning light. . . . But she hadn't dressed for dancing, had she?

In the breakfast light Carl looked as if he had not slept. She did not tell him about Carol. She had not told him her worries for a long time.

"Listen, Anna—don't run around today. You really don't look up to it."

"No; I'll be quiet."

"I"—he hesitated a moment—"I'm worried about you. You don't seem like yourself," he finished awkwardly.

"Inhale, please."

She smiled faintly. Like herself? What was that self like in his eyes?

"I'm really all right. I just had a little dizzy spell," she said.

"I know. It—it isn't that so much. It's something else. You don't seem like yourself," he repeated lamely.

Suddenly it seemed to her that something in her cried out with a faint insistence: "No! No! You must not!" and she stood up and looked at him without her usual cool tolerance and said almost like a child: "Carl, will you be so terribly late tonight?"

She saw the familiar reddening of his face, but he said at once: "Why, no—no, I'll come home early, Anna. Maybe we could take a drive into the country or something."

Once she would have been so grateful for this that she could have knelt and kissed his hands; but now all she knew was a dim sense of reprieve.

"*Would* you?" she murmured.

He kissed her, looking at her with more attention than he had in a long time.

After he had gone she said to Mary: "I'm walking for a little, just in this block. If I should get a call, will you send Eduard to tell me?"

She walked in the snowy street. She seemed to be walking against a wind, though no wind blew. The wind was trying to force her back toward the house. But she would not turn. She walked the length of the block, crossed over the bridle path down the center of the parkway, walked its length three times. No one called her.

She went reluctantly back to the house out of the cold. No, there had been no call. She said to herself: "There will be four or five hours before Carl comes home—if he comes. I must fill it in." She did not state to herself the name of her battlefield, but it was nevertheless very clear to her. Not even her haunting worry over Carol obscured it. She was fighting for life itself; she was using the last feeble shreds of her strength in defiance against succumbing to the powers of death.

And what did the ball have to do with it? Nothing, she might have stated honestly, out of her skepticism. And yet she knew she was letting it become hideously important. It had become the symbol of her defeat. She was trying desperately to build up a wall, any sort of a wall, against defeat. She had even called out to Carl, something she had not done in years.

But now all that filled her mind was the fact that she must not go upstairs. She walked to the piano, sat down, and began to play scales. She played through a whole volume of scales, then a yellow book of Chopin. Mechanically, without any feeling. Lunch was ready. She sat at the table, looked at food, toyed with it, ate almost nothing. She went to the phone, called one or two friends of Carol's, asked casually if Carol was there. She was not. Mary mentioned that the new linen cupboard was ready and that tomorrow, maybe, Mrs. Dietrich might see to having things put away. She would tend to it now, she said. She lingered over the linens a long time.

☆ THEN there was nothing more to do. She went to the phone, made three more calls. No one seemed to have seen Carol. She looked in the phone book at the list of hospitals, but she did not call them. Somehow she felt sure Carol had not been hurt. Carol had always taken care of her physical self. She stared at the phone book, and realized that she was in reality killing time. "I am in a bad way," she said with wry humor. It was not, she knew, that she had not failed to see before the direction in which she was going, but that not till yesterday had she seen just how far she had gone. Then she was possessed with a strange and terrible loneliness. She knew what loneliness was, but not this. Carol was gone. There was no one to whom she could turn, not even in her thoughts. She had always stood alone, asking no favors, rejecting all compromise. But now she knew what it was to be too weak and frightened to stand alone. I am strong—I can bear it, she had always said.

She went to the phone, asked for Western Union; then, when a voice

answered, she said, "Never mind." She had had a sudden compelling desire to wire her mother. But for what?

She went slowly upstairs, not conscious of her feet on the steps. She stood by the window, arms along the sill, put her dark head down on her arms. *This is the low moment of my life,* she said. When she lifted her head she saw Carol, Carol in her familiar leopard coat, walking in the bridle path where she, Anna, had walked this morning. She walked slowly, aimlessly. She was not walking toward home, but away from it.

Without hat, her fur coat open to the wind, Anna Dietrich moved swiftly after the slight girl's figure in the path.

"Carol!"

Carol turned. "Hello. Fancy meeting you here!" she said.

"Carol! What is it? Where have you been?"

"I've been getting married," Carol answered. She spoke almost sullenly.

THE AUTHOR

NELIA GARDNER WHITE was a kindergarten teacher before she became a writer. She is married, has two children, and lives on a farm in Williamsville, New York. Likes bridge, ping pong, skating, archery, Chopin, and company after her work is done. Dislikes crowds, musical shows, hot countries. She has written several books and contributes to leading magazines.

They stood facing each other. Fine snow fell between them .

"Married? To whom?"

"Thad Delaney."

"I don't know him."

"That's right; you don't know him. I was just trying to decide whether to come to tell you—or just let it slide."

"Carol!"

They stared at each other like two enemies—or like two sisters who know each other too well.

"Well, you won't like him. We're going to live on a boat."

"A boat?"

"He's an artist. He lives on a boat—we're going to Baltimore tonight and ship off."

"Not without telling us, Carol?"

"I was trying to make up my mind about that. . . . Oh, I'd have let you know, but I wasn't sure it was worth a row."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you'd hardly approve, would you? Dad would begin to shout about an annulment—you'd be too pained, as you are. And maybe it isn't worth fighting over. Maybe it won't work and I'll write it down to profit and loss in no time. It's just an experiment."

"Experiment? Marriage?"

Carol shrugged. "For me it is. If I find out I don't love him, or he doesn't love me, I'm going to mark it off. I'll never let it drag along, the way you and dad have."

"That's what you think of your father and me?"

A faint flush went up the fair face, but the gray eyes remained firm, unfriendly.

"It's true, isn't it? You don't love each other. Maybe you never did; I don't know. I can't remember when you did, anyway. Maybe there isn't any such thing as love. Maybe I'll be just like you some day. Maybe, and sometimes I think it might be true, there isn't anything worth fighting for, but till I find out for sure . . ."

The snow for an instant seemed to come so thickly that she could not see Carol's face, could not hear her voice. She was surprised suddenly to hear her own voice, quiet and steady: "But I do love your father."

Carol looked up, startled. Then she said: "Then what's the idea of shutting yourself up in an ivory tower?"

"I don't know." The words came clearly but reluctantly. "What would you have done, daughter?"

"I?" It was a strange moment. Mother asking help, like a child. The strong asking of the weak. "How should I know? But if you're just incompatible, I suppose I'd have walked out. You don't like hockey and prize-fights and dad doesn't like poetry. You don't like not being understood and he doesn't like having to understand everything you're thinking. I'd quit. I'd get a fresh start. I don't see how you get any fun out of living, the way things are." Then Carol dropped her sternness, became the child again, her gray eyes confused and groping. "But maybe it *never* works out," she said. "Maybe it's silly to imagine it might."

"Silly, Carol? Silly?" she said, though she wondered, even as she spoke, how it was possible for the voice of the dead to have such sudden passion and life. "It's only the most wonderful thing there is about life, that's all . . . Tell me, is he nice?"

"Thad? Yes, he's nice."

"What's the name of his boat?"

"The Falcon."

"The Falcon . . ." Suddenly, there in the parkway, in sight of passers-by, Anna Dietrich put her hands on her tall daughter's shoulders, kissed her. "Good-by, Carol!" she said.

And for the first time in many years she saw tears gather in the gray eyes.

"But, mother—you don't even mind?"

"I'm terribly glad. . . . Shall I send any of your things?"

"No; nothing."

"Perhaps that's better. To start all new," her mother murmured.

Then they, unused to warmth, could say no more; no word of apology from Carol, no comfort or regret from Anna Dietrich. But the snow fell on them for a long time while they stood in silence, friends without speech.

Then Anna said: "I'll tell your father. Write, Carol."

"I will."

They were walking away from each other.

She stood shivering by the fire. She felt weak, as if she had been ill a long time. "Shan't I get you some tea, Mrs. Dietrich?" Mary said anxiously. "You're like to die of the cold, going out without your hat that way!"

"Yes, you're like to die of the cold," she said slowly. "Why, yes, Mary, I would like some tea."

She sat there with the tea when Carl came in.

"You been out?" he asked, surprised.

"Just for a walk."

He sat there, picking up a cup, looking a little embarrassed to be home at this time of day. *And what is unfaithfulness? Is it of the mind or of the body?* she asked herself. In this moment she had planned to say to him, "Carl, would you like a divorce?" But she said nothing of the kind.

"Maybe you don't want to go for a drive, then?" Carl asked.

"No. Do you know what I'd like? I'd like to go to the hockey game tonight—if you can spare the time. Could you?"

What went through his mind while he set his cup down and looked slowly up at her?

"Why, sure, Anna. But I thought you didn't like hockey?"

"I don't know much about it—but you could tell me, couldn't you?"

"Why, sure, Anna," he said again.

Then she leaned toward him a little, smiled with an anxious sort of intimacy, and told him about Carol.

After that was all done and said—and it was not easy, for he loved Carol without knowing her—she went up to her room. She walked not like one in a dream but erectly. She went straight to the chest of drawers, put her hands beneath the silk things, drew out the ball. She carried it to the window, held it to the light. It sparkled in the late day, a perfect sphere, but all light, like a great jewel. There was nothing sinister about it; it harbored no shadows. But she looked at it gravely, questioningly, for some time, as if perhaps it could tell her what had swerved her from her path toward the ultimate night itself. Was it only that which Fanny had said? That nature and hope *must* go on? Or was it something other than that?

But the crystal ball made no answer, only that of light, which was perhaps an answer, after all. She smiled at it suddenly, put it on the sill, and gave it to the light.

THE END

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

☆ I AM an officer in a division of about 12,000 men. At present one of the greatest problems faced by all officers, right up to the division commander, is morale. Those young men now in the Army under the Selective Service Act, whose time has been extended up to eighteen months additional, are in the throes of partial or total dejection. Sympathizing with them are their company commanders, who know what could and should be done to lift the morale of their men. Those suggestions made by Private Max Cooper (September 20 Liberty) are excellent and tell the people how and what the soldier wants in the way of recreation. If the U. S. O. were to adopt the *soldiers'* ideas, I am sure the benefits would be greater than anything resulting from civilians' ideas of what the soldiers should have. One vital problem which the U. S. O. could help solve is the furnishing of adequate transportation to near-by cities. Also, a man's spirits are lifted 100 per cent by a visit home; couldn't the U. S. O. help him to go home and see his folks? I hope you continue to go to bat for the men. They are a grand lot and we all owe them a great deal.

Lieut. K. B. G., Pine Camp, N. Y.

As long as this page exists I'll be in there pitching and batting, Lieutenant. What I'd like to know is when the men will get the use of those permanent clubhouses for which the U. S. O. is to provide the personnel, entertainment, and recreational facilities. I understand it's not the U. S. O.'s fault—rather, a case of too much governmental red tape because there are some six agencies with conflicting fingers in the pie. Lacking buildings and equipment to be provided eventually by the government, the U. S. O. has rented temporary buildings, organized entertainment programs, and has done just about everything possible, including the provision of movie trucks for men in the field on maneuvers.

As an old chaplain I read your page with much interest. Every one knows the necessity of letters from home to keep up morale; but how many know that the first principle of such letters should be never to leave the soldier in suspense? Suppose mother writes, "Did you hear about Uncle Henry? Wasn't it awful about Aunt Susie?" The poor soldier is in doubt whether Uncle Henry had twins or Aunt Susie was arrested for drunken driving. Even if mother suspected that son had heard about the doin's, she should have given him all the details. Otherwise there may be long and anxious waiting until he discovers all the facts. The poor devil is having a tough enough time without adding to his worries.

Rev. A. R. T., Jacksonport, Wis.

How right you are! I'm still wondering about some of the indefinite items I got in letters when I was in the A. E. F. They were mighty important to me at the time, but when I got home in '19 the family couldn't even remember them. I think I lost my gal because of such a letter.

I was inducted last March 24. My twenty-eighth birthday was June 16. I hope I'm right in feeling confident that I can be released after maneuvers, even though I have no dependents and no special reason for discharge except that I want to get out. Is my confidence justified or am I kidding myself?

Pvt. K. N., Camp Stewart, Ga.

I'm afraid you're kidding yourself, soldier. As I interpret Public Law 206, approved August 16, 1941, not only must a man have ". . . attained the twenty-eighth anniversary of the day of his birth on or prior to July 1, 1941. . ." but also (and here's the joker) ". . . prior to . . . induction." Since you were inducted before you became twenty-eight, you are not entitled to release under that law.

I would like to put in my claim for the champion "shorty" of the Air Corps at least, if not of the entire Army. My height is 4′ 10½″. My service record shows five feet, but I fooled a recruiting officer. I wouldn't trade my first year in the Army for all the tea in China, and if the next two are as good as the last I'm a thirty-year man.

Pvt. Charles F. Meck, Jr.,
7th Bomb Squadron,
Westover Field, Mass.

Of all the contenders for the title since I asked the question (September 13 Liberty) Private Meck seems to have the best claim. Until some one shrinks to less than four feet ten and one half inches he's the champion. Sergeant James M. McMaster, Camp Mabry, Texas, writes me that his outfit, the Eighth Corps Area Service Command, boasts of Master Sergeant B. T. Goodwin, who is four feet eleven inches short, and Sergeant W. H. Green, Jr., who is six feet seven and one half inches tall, and wonders if any other outfit has two men with a difference of twenty and one half inches. Sergeant George A. Dinsmore, Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment, 18th Infantry Training Group, Camp Roberts, California, is entered by his top kick in the "tallest man in the Army" sweepstakes—he brushes the clouds with six feet ten inches and displaces Private Murray Greenberg of Madison Barracks, New York, who lacks a half inch of that height.

I had two summers of C. M. T. C. training. Are there going to be any more such camps? If not, what can I do to get more training and work for a commission?

T. S., Lakewood, N. J.

The Civilian Military Training Corps camps have been suspended until further notice. I suggest that you keep up your training by joining your State Guard, which has taken the place of the National Guard during the emergency.

The battery was assembled for retreat, and a mighty roar of conversation filled the air. The first sergeant faced the men with glaring eyes.

"You're at attention!" he thundered. "Don't talk so loud!"

Fort Ord Panorama, Calif.

"I don't mind these mock maneuvers as long as the furloughs are real."

THE LAST WORD: *A New Short Story by Fannie Hurst*

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FULTON OURSLER

ANY YARN BY FANNIE HURST is news, but the new short story she tells in Liberty next week, a tale called Exempted, is something extra! I don't believe in telling even a little bit of the plot of a short story in advance, because one is so likely to spoil it for the reader. So, while I would like to give you a foretaste of this timely tale, I shall let my better nature get the best of me and hope that you will all read it for yourselves. And with Miss Hurst's story there will be also an old friend, Ed the garrulous equine, a stable figure among our fictional characters, with some new horseplay about an old master. There—I was almost on the point of telling you about the art auction Ed attends, but again I mustn't!

AS FOR THE SERIOUS ITEMS in our next table of contents, let me recommend a new article by Pierre van Paassen, author of Days of Our Years, called Can Hitler Make Peace Now? Let me further mention *Both* Butter and Guns, by George E. Sokolsky. Back to entertainment portions, I hope you'll like Jack Benny's Ten Best Gags; Pro Football Knows the Angles, by Eddie Dooley; Secrets of a Hotel Doctor, as told to Margaret Lukes Wise and Clara Belle Thompson; more about the stage, by George Jean Nathan; and the climax of Flying Through Hell, by George Patterson Christie.

There will also be installments, of course, of the two exciting serials, Breath of Life, by Faith Baldwin, and Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, together with all your favorite departments.

SALMAGUNDI: From A. D. S., Bellmore, comes a note: "Why don't you revive that little department you once started called Can Such Things Be? No sooner said than done. *CAN SUCH THINGS BE?* Here is a true story about Kirsten Flagstad, the great Wagnerian soprano. Some time ago Flagstad was singing on an American tour, while her husband remained at home in Norway. One afternoon, a few hours before a concert, Mme. Flagstad suddenly felt a strange sensation of complete despair. She was not ill except in her heart, yet the feeling was so real that she felt unable to go on the stage and sing. "What can be wrong?" she wondered. "I feel as if I had received terrible news." She was on the point of canceling the concert when, a few hours later, the feeling passed as quickly as it had come. She gave a good performance, but then, feeling exhausted, she hurried to her hotel. There she found two cablegrams. Opening the first, she read: "Have just been operated on and am very ill. Please cancel all tours and come to me at once. I need you." It was, of course, from her husband. Dreading what she would find, she opened the second message, which read: "Disregard previous message. Crisis is over and I will recover. Continue your tour as planned." . . . Has any reader an experience of his own to contribute? . . . Jack Dempsey, our boxing editor, has been appointed Deputy United States Director of Physical Training by John B. Kelly, Civil Defense Director of Physical Training. "Not only is Jack a living example of health and physical perfection," declared Mr. Kelly, "but he stands unchallenged as a popular sports hero. His job will be to see that all boxers are properly conditioned, and also to carry a personal physical fitness message to the men, women, and children of the nation." . . . Mrs. Mary S. Service of 731 South 43d Street in Louisville, Kentucky, picks me up on that squib about eating my dessert first. Says Mrs. Service: "There is an old colored janitor to whom I gave dinner each evening. He, too, ate his dessert first, and, when asked why, replied, 'In case of fire.'" I know just how he felt!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—NOVEMBER 1, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

What

HITLER TOLD ME ABOUT CHRISTIANITY
BRITISH LABOR WANTS AFTER THE WAR
DOES PAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP MEAN?

Why

OUR HIGH ARMY OFFICERS ARE UNFIT
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How

TO SAVE BILLIONS IN DEFENSE
DARLAN SOLD OUT FRANCE TO HITLER
I WAS CAPTURED IN THE BATTLE OF DAMASCUS

---

35 titles in twelve recent issues employed WHAT, WHY, HOW, or the question mark.

THESE titles are typical of an editorial policy that attracts people with open, inquiring minds—people who seek the answers to the questions of today.

They are also typical of a policy of giving both sides of a question, whether or not the editors agree with the author. For instance we state about one of the titles, shown above, "in the spirit of fair play Liberty here gives the other side, with which it wholly disagrees."

We do this because Liberty readers like the open forum—feel that people convinced after studying both sides have stronger convictions and become much more articulate than those who have never known any but their own views.

In these fast changing times, millions look to Liberty every week for entertainment and enjoyment—and for the answers to the what, why and how of the world of today and the world of tomorrow.

Liberty

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